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Contributed by
John Pioworty

PLT OFF L.N.C Dennis
79 SQN
RAAF.

5D

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

(Revised edition)

Originally compiled By

77 Squadron

JAPAN and KOREA

1950 - 1951

RO - TIDDLE - . E - O

Oh Mr Fisherman, home from the sea,
Have you any lobsters you can sell to me,

CHORUS: Singing Ro-tiddle-ee-O, shit or bust,
Never let your bollocks dan le in the dust.

"Yess" said the fisherman I have two,
The biggest of the bastards I will sell to you,

I wrapped the lobster up and I took the bastard home,
I showed it to the missus but she was on the phone.

I opened up the fridge b t I couldn't find a dish,
So I put it in the place where the missus has a piss.

Now half-way through the night as you must know,
The missus got up to have a so-and-so.

Now the missus gave a squeal and the missus gave a grunt,
When the silly fucking lobster bit her on the cunt.

Now I picked up the mop and the missus grabbed a broom,
And we chased that fucking lobster all around the room,

There's a moral to this story and the moral is this,
Always have a shufty before you have a piss.

That's the end of this story and there isn't any more,
There's an apple up my arse-hole, you can have the core.

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THE FOGGY FOGGY DEW

Now I am a batchelor I live all alone,
I work at the weaver's trade.
And the only only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time and in the winter too,
And the only only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to sheild her from the foggy foggy dew.

One night as I lay fast asleep,
She came to my bedside.
She laid her head upon my breast and she began to cry,
She sobbed, she sighed, she damm near died,
Oh Lord what could I do.
So I took her into bed and I covered up her head,
Just to shield her from the foggy foggy dew.

Now I am a batchelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade.
And the every every time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of that fair young maid.
He reminds me of the summertime and of the winter too.
And the only only time that I held her in my arms,
Just to shield her from the foggy foggy dew.

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SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling, let me fix your garter half an inch above your knee,
And if my hand should wonder, please don't think it ill of me.
Round your *** are hairs of silver
Round my *** are hairs of gold,
Let us put them both together,
Silver threads among the gold.

LITTLE ANGELENE

She was sweet sixteen, Little Angelene,
Always dancing on the village green,
Was a virgin still, never had a thrill,
Poor little Angelene.

Now the village squire was of low desire,
Filthiest bastard in the whole damn shire,
And he'd set his heart of that vital part,
Of Poor little Angelene.

T'was the day of the fair, and the squire was there,
Masturbating in the village square,
When he chanced to see the dainty knee,
Of Poor little Angelene.

She had lifted her skirt to avoid the dirt,
As she skipped between the puddles of the squires last squirt,
And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw,
Of Poor little Angelene.

He lifted his hat and said "your cat,
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat,
Now my car's in the square, I'll take you there,"
Poor little Angelene.

He has not gone far when he stopped the car,
Took little Angelene into a bar,
There he gave her gin, just to make her sin,
Poor little Angelene.

Then he took her to a dell which he knew very well,
And commenced to give her bloody fucking hell,
As he tried his luck on a low down fuck,
Of Poor Little Angelene.

Now it must be told that the blacksmith bold,
Had loved Little Angelene for years untold,
And it must be true that she loved him too,
Poor Little Angelene.

Now the blacksmith gay, that very same day,
Had been put in jail and there to stay,
For coming in his pants at the local dance,
With Poor little Angelene.

Now the blacksmith's cell overlooked the dell,
Where Little Angelene was getting bloody hell,
He got mighty sore at the sight he saw,
Of Poor little Angelene.

He gave a start and a tremendrous fart,
Blew the prison walls wide apart,
And he ran like shit lest the squire should split,
His Poor little Angelene.
When he got to the spot he gave a kick in the twot,
Tied the villian's penis in a knot,
And as away he crawls he got a kick in the balls,
From Poor little Angelene.
Oh blacksmith true I love you I do,
And I see by your trousers that you love me too,
Here am I undressed, come and do your best,
Said Poor little Angelene.
Now it won't take long to end this song,
For the blacksmith's tool was over two feet long,
And his unfailing charm was as strong as is arm,
Happy Little Angelene.

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER

As I was seated by the fire,
Drinking O'Reilly's ale and porter,
Suddenly a thought came to my head,
I'd like to shag O'Reilly's daughter.

CHORUS: Widdy-I-O and a widdy-I-A,
Give three cheers for the one-eyed Reilly,
Wop it up and lop it up her, balls and all,
Jig-a-jig-a-jig, shag on.

So, up the stairs and in to bed,
First I cocked my left leg over,
Never a word the maiden said,
But she laughed like hell till the shag was over,

CHORUS:

Suddenly a footstep on the stairs,
Who sould it be but the one-eyed Reilly,
With two pistols in his hand,
Looking for the man who'd shagged his daughter,

CHORUS:

I grabbed the old man by the hair,
Stuffed his head in a bucket of water,
Stuffed his pistols up his arse,
A fucking side harder than I shagged his daughter,

CHORUS:

And now old Reilly's dead and gone,
And so is the man who shagged his daughter,
We've taken the lid from O'reilly's coffin
To mend a hole in the shit-house door, Sir,

CHORUS:

SAMMY HALL

Oh my name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
Oh my name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
Oh my name is Sammy Hall, and I've only got one ball,
But it's better than fuck-all,

CHORUS:
Damn your eyes, blast your soul, Bloody hell, Shit.

Oh they say I killed a man, killed a man,
Oh they say....
For I hit him on the head, with a fucking great lump of lead
And now the bastard's dead,

And they say I'm to be hung, to be hung,
And they say....
And they say I'm to be hung, for a crime I've never done,
They can stick it up their bum.

So the Sherriff he will come, he will come,
So the Sherriff....
So the Sherriff he will come, with his finger up his bum,
'Cause he cannot get his thumb,

And the jury, they'll come too, they'll come too,
And the Jury ....
And the Jury they'll come too, in their nice new suits of blue,
'Cause they've got fuck all else to do,

Then the parson he will come, he will come,
Then the parson....
Then the parson he will come though he looks so fucking glum
With his tales of Kingdom come,

And now they're hanging me, hanging me,
And now they're ....
And now they're hanging me, Oh, Someone set me free,
This suspense is killing me,

And now I am in hell, am in hell,
And now I am....
And now I am in hell, but its all a fucking sell,
'Cause the Parson's here as well,
Damn his eyes, Blast his soul, Bloody Hell, Shit.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE
(to be sung with feeling)

I dont want to join the Air Force
I dont want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around
Piccadilly underground
Living on the earnings of a high-born lady,
I dont want a bullet up me arse-hole,
I dont want me bollocks shot away,
I just want to stay in England,
Dear old bloody England,
And watch the other bastards sail away.
(Alt; And fornicate my fucking life away.)
Gor Blimey....
On Monday night I touched her on the ankle,
On Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday, with success I tore off half her dress,
On Thursday night she asked me home to tea,
Gor, Blimey....
On Friday night I put my hand upon it,
On Saturday night she gave my balls a tweak,
And on Sunday after supper I shoved the whole lot up her,
And now I'm paying ten and six a week,
Gor, Blimey.....(Repeat first verse)

MY FAMILY

Have you met my Uncle Hector
He's a cock and ball inspector
At a celebrated English public school
And my brother sells French letters,
And a patent cure for wetters,
We're not the best of familys, aint it cruel?

My little sister Lily, is a whore on Piccadilly,
My mother is another on the Strand,
My father hawks his arse-hole
Round the Elephant and Castle,
We're the finest fucking family in the land.

There's a gentlemen's convenience
A short way down the Strand,
And the Ladies is a little further on,
For a penny on deposit, you can sit upon the closet
But a season's ticket costs you half a crown.

THE AIRMAN'S LAMENT or THE BIG WHEEL

An airman told me before he died,
I don't know whether the bastard lied,
That his wife had a cunt so wide
That she was never satisfied.

So he builds a tool of shining steel,
Coupled it to a bloody great wheel
Balls of brass he filled with cream,
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and Round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
Till in ecstasy she cried,
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

Now we come to the tragic bit,
There was no way of stopping it
And she was split from arse to tit,
And the whole fucking issue was covered in ...

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to foot,
Covered all over in SHIT

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DOWN IN THE VALLEY

The first time I saw her she was all dressed in white,
All in white, all in white, my God, her cunt was tight,
Down in the valley, where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in brown,
All in brown, all in brown, I took her nickers down,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in green,
All in green, all in green, I filled her soup tureen,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in fawn,
All in fawn, all in fawn, two little bastards born,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in red,
All in red, all in red, two little bastards dead,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she all dressed in black,
All in black, all in black, boards nailed across her crack,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

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OUR OUTHOUSE

Please don't burn our shit-house down,
Mother has promised to pay
Father's away on the ocean wave,
Kate's in the family way,
Brother, dear has gonorrhea,
Times is fucking hard,
So please don't burn our shit-house down,
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard.

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FATHER'S GRAVE

They're digging up Father's grave to build a sewer,
They're digging it up regardless of expense,
They're shifting his remains,
To put in ten inch drains,
To take away the shit from residents.
Gor, Blimey
What's the use of having a religion,
If when you die your troubles never cease,
All because some big nosed twit
Wants a pipe line for his shit,
Why won't they let the poor guy rest in peace.
Gor, Blimey
But father in his life was ne'er a quitter,
I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now,
And when the job's complete
He'll haunt the shit-house seat,
And only let them shit when he'll allow.
Gor, Blimey
Won't there be some fucking constipation,
And won't those shit-bound bastards rant and rave,
But they'll get what they deserve
For having the bleeding nerve,
To fuck about with a British workman's grave.

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OH HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father's an apple pie vendor,
My mother makes synthetic gin,
My sister walks out of an evening,
My god how the money rolls in.

CHORUS: Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a keen missionary,
Wot saves pure young maidens from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for ten dollars,
My God how the money rolls in.

I'd an uncle who was a nightwatchman,
Who spent all his nights in the pit,
He used to come home in the mornings,
All covered all over in shit.

My Auntie manufactures French letters,
My cousin pricks holes with a pin,
My uncle performs the abortions
My God how the money rolls in

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HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain
From passing water whilst the train
Is standing in the station, yes indeed,
While the train is in the station
We encourage constipation
A little self control is what you need.
If you really must pass water
Please inform the porter who
Will place a vessele in the vestibule.
Whilst the train is in the station
We encourage constipation
That is why we have to make this rule.

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SALOME

Down our street we had a merry party,
Everybody there was all gay and hearty,.
Talk about a treat, we ate all the meat,
And we drank all the beer from the boozer down the street.

There was old uncle Joe, he was fair fucked up,
So we put him in the cellar with the old bull pup,
Little sonny Jim was trying to get it in,
With his arse-hole winking at the moon.

Oh, Salome, Salome, that's my girl, Salome,
Standing there with her arse all bare,
Waiting for someone to slide it in there,
Oh, slide it, and glide it,
Right up her fucking shute,
Two brass balls and the shankers too,
And a foreskin full of shit.

She's a big fat cow, twice the size of me,
She's got hairs on her belly like the branches of a tree,
She can run, jump fuck, fight,
Wheel a barrow, ride a bike,
That's my girl, Salome.

On Monday night she takes it up the back,
On Tuesday night she hauls in the slack,
On Wednesday night she has a spell,
On Thurdday she fucks like hell,
On Friday night she takes it up her nose,
In between her fingers, down between her toes,
On Saturday night she dishes out gams
And she goes to church on Sunday.

Jesus wants me for a sunbeam,
And a fuckin fine sunbeam am I - Sunbeam am I.

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DINAH

We've been working on the railroad,
All the live long day,
We've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away,
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
At night or early in the morn,
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
Oh, Dinah blow your horn.

Dinah, Won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your hor-or-orn,
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn.

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someone's in the kitchen I know, I know,
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strumming on the old banjoe.

Singing fee-fi-fiddle-E-I-O
Fee-Fi-Fiddle-E-I-O-I-O-O
Fee-Fi-Fiddle-E-I-O
Strumming on the old banjoe.

CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS (JOHN PEEL)

CHORUS: Cats on the rooftops, Cats on the tiles,
Cats with the syphilis, the clap and the piles,
Cats with their arse-holes wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The donkey is a solitary moke
He very seldom gets a poke
But when he does, he lets it soak
As he revels......

Hippopotamus so it seems
Very seldom has wet dreams
But when he does, he comes in streams
As he revels....

Poor old bovine, poor old bull
Very seldom gets a pull
But when he does, the cow is full
As he revels...

Poor Little tortoise in his shell
Doesn't manage very well
But when he does he fucks like hell
As he revels...

Now the hairy old gorrilla is a sedentary ape
Who very seldom does much rape
But when he does he comes like tape
As he revels....

Bow-legged women shit like goats
Bald headed men all fuck like stoats
While the comgregation sits and gloats
And revels in....

Now I met a girl and she was a dear
But she gave me a dose of gonorrhea
Fools rush in where angels fear
To revel...

Do you ken John Peel with his coat so gay
He's a dirty old sod so all men say
For he can't toss off in the normal way
So his hounds lick his horn in the morning

When you wake up in the morning and you're feeling full of joy
And your wife isn't willing and your daughter isn't coy
Then you've got to use the arse-hole of your eldest boy
As you revel...

When you wake up in the morning with a ten inch stand
And there isn't any woman in the whole of the land
Then there's nothing for it but to use your hand
As you revel in the joys of copulation.

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REMEMBER

Remember the night, when you were tight, my darling, remember
When I was on heat, and said you might, my darling, remember
Remember you found a tender spot, right in the middle of my twot
You said you'd withdraw before you shot
But you forgot to, remember.

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KHARTOUM

There's bags of batchy airmen, waydown in the sunny Soudan
Where everyone is batchy and so's the fucking old man,
There's bags and bags of bullshit, saluting on the square
And when we're not saluting we're up in the fucking air.

We're leaving Khartoum, by the light of the moon
We travel by night and by day,
As we pass Kasfereit, we'll have fuck all to eat,
'Cause we've thrown all our rations away.

Shire, Shire, Somersetshire,
The skipper looks on her with pride,
He'd have a blue fit, if he saw any shit,
On the side of the Somersetshire.

This is my story, this is my song,
I've been in this airforce too fucking long,
So bring on the Rodney, the Nelson, Renown,
They can't bring the Hood, 'Cause the fuckers gone down.
Tooralay, Tooralay,
Oh, we'll fuck all the SPs who come down our way.

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THE TINKER

A Dutchess was a-dressing for a ball,
When she spied a tinker, pissing against a wall,
CHORUS: With his bloody great kidney wiper,
And his bollocks swinging free,
And half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knee.

The Dutchess wrote a letter, and in it she did say,
"I'd rather be fucked by the tinker than my husband any day,"

The tinker got the letter, and when it he did read,
His balls began to fester and his prick began to bleed,

He jumped upon his charger, to the castle he did ride,
With his bollocks on his shoulder, and his prick coiled by his side.

He fucked 'em in the kitchen, he fucked 'em in the hall,
But he back-scuttled the butler, 'twas the dirtiest fuck of all.

And last he fucked the lady, against her bedroom door,
But judging by the size of her cunt, he thought she'd been a whore.

He mounted on his charger and rode off down the street,
While little drops of semen pittered pattered at his feet.

And now the tinkers dead, Sir, some say he's gone to hell,
If he has he'll fuck the Devil, and I know he'll fuck him well.

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BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some die of diabetes, and some of diarrhoea,
Some die of drinking whisky and some of drinking beer
But of all the world's diseases there's none that can compare,
With the drip, drip, drip, from the end of your prick
Of the British Gonorrhea.

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LAST SATURDAY NIGHT

When I came home last Saturday night, as drunk as I couls be,
(a)I saw a hat upon the rack, where my hat ought to be.

I sais to my darling wifey "Now tell all it to me,
Who owns that hat upon the rack, where my hat ought to be."

She said "You're blind, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,
You're blind and cannot see
(b) For that is a basin that you're mother gave to me."
In all my worldly travels, ten thousand miles or more,
/(c) I've never seen a basin with a hat band on before.

(a) I saw a coat upon the bed...
(b) "For that is a blanket that your mother gave to me"
(c) I've never seen a blanket with brass buttons on before.

(a) I saw a head beside the head....
(b) "For that is a turnip that your mother gave to me"
(c) I've never seen a turnip with a mustache on before.

(a) I saw a thing beside the thing....
(b) "For that is a rolling pin your mother gave to me"
(c) I've never seen a rolling pin with balls on it before.

(a) I saw a bum beside the bum....
(b) "For that's the dear young baby yourself you gave to me"
(c) I've never seen a baby's bum with warts on it before.

THE MARRYING KIND

If I were a marrying maid, which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would wed, would be a Rugby fullback sir,
For he'd find touch, and I'd find touch,
We'd both find touch together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Finding touch together.

A wing three-quarter...............He'd go fast

A centre three-quarter.............He'd so straight

A stand off half...................He'd cut through

A Rugby scrum half.................He'd put it in

A Rugby loose forward..............He'd break fast

A second row forward...............He'd bind tight

A front row forward................He'd push hard

A Rugby referee....................He'd blow hard

A Rugby linesman...................He'd put it up

A Rugby spectator.......
For he'd clap, clap,
And I'd clap, clap,
We'd both clap, clap together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, Together.

THE PORTIONS OF A WOMAN

The portions of a woman that appeal to man's depravity,
Are fashioned with considerable care,
And what at first appears to be a harmless little cavity,
Is really an elaborate affair.

Doctors of distinction have examined the abdomena,
Of various experimental dames,
And have listed the components of these womanly phenomena,
And given them most charming Latin names.

There's the clitoris, the vagina, the vulva, perineum,
And the hymen in the case of certain brides,
Delightful small devices you would love if you couls see 'em,
There's a hundred other little things besides.

Isn't it a pity then, that when we poor men chatter,
Upon the things to which I have referred,
We use for what is really a most complicated matter,
Such a short and unattractive little word.

The Reply

The erudite authorities who study the geography,
Of these remote but interesting lands,
Are able to indulge their taste for intimate topography
And view the scenic details close at hand.

But while we lesser mortals are aware of the existence,
Of mysteries beneath the public knoll,
We're normally contented to survey them at a distance,
And treat them, roughly speaking, as a (w)hole.

But when we are confronted with some morsel of virginity,
We exercise a gentle sense of touch,
We do not cloak the matter in meticulous Latinity,
But we call the whole affair a such and such.

Men have made this useful but inelegant commodity,
The subject of inumerable jibes,
And while the name we call it by is something of an oddity,
It seems to fit the subject it describes.

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THREE OLD MAIDS

CHORUS: Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Three old maids were locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Monday to Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

The first lady's name was Elizabeth Porter
She was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter,
Who went to get rid of some old virgin water,
And nobody knew she was there.

The second lady's name was Elizabeth Humphrey
Who went for a pee and could not get her bum free,
She said "Oh my dear, this is really quite comfy,"
Nobody knew she was there.

The third lady's name was Elizabeth Bender,
Who went to adjust a broken suspender,
And got it mixed up with her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

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ABDUL A BUL BUL AMEER

The harems of Egypt are fair to behold,
The maidens the fairest of fair,
The fairest was Greek, she was owned by a sheik,
Known as Abdul a Bul Bul Ameer.

A travelling brothel that came to the town,
Owned by a Russian who came from afar,
He offered a challenge to all who could shag,
as Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now Abdul rode up with his snatch at his side,
His eyes flamed with a burning desire,
And he wagered ten thousand that he could out-shag,
This Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They came on the track with their tools hanging slack,
The starter's gun punctured the air,
They were quick to the rise, and all gaped at the size,
Of Abdul a Bul Bul Ameer.

Although Abdul was quick at flicking his flick,
And the action was learnt by the Czar,
He could't compete with the long steady beat,
Of Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now Ivan had won and was polishing his gun,
And bent over to polish his pair,
When he felt something pass up his great hairy arse,
It was Abdul a Bul Bul Ameer.

The Harlots turned green, the men shouted "queen"
They were ordered apart by the Czar,
But Abdul, Fuck his luck, had got himself stuck,
In the arse of Skavinsky Skavar.

Now the cream of the joke, when at last they were broke,
Was laughed at for years by the Czar,
For Abdul, the fool had left half of his tool,
In the arse of Skavinsky Skavar.

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THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

Last night I went to bed, it had only just turned nine,
And by some sweet misfortune, her room was next to mine,
And like to great Colombus with regions to explore,
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

She sat beside the fireside her pretty feet to warm,
She'd just a white chemise on to hide her naked form,
And after a few moments she pissed upon the floor,
Why, yes, I saw her do it, through the keyhole in the door.

I waited a few moments then opened wide the door,
And after some persuasion I crossed the pissed-on floor,
And so no other bastard could see what I had seen before,
I hung that snow-white chemise on the keyhole in the door,

Last hight I slept in rapture, and other things besides,
And on that sow-white belly, I had many, many rides,
But when I woke this morning my cock was red and sore,
It felt as though I'd stuffed it through the keyhole in the
door.

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THE MONK

There lived a monk of great renown,
There lived a monk of great renown,
There lived a monk of great renown,
And he fucked all the women all over town.

CHORUS:

The old sod, the old sod, the dirty old bastard,
The bugger deserved to die, Fuck:
Let us pray - Glory, glory, Halleluja.

He took them to his lily white bed (3 times)
And fucked them all till they were dead.

One day he met a maiden fair (3 times)
And he lured her up into his lair.

He took her to his matble halls (3)
And showed her his prick and his bloody great balls.

He laid her on his lily white bed (3)
And he fucked the girl till she was dead.

The other monks all cried "For shame" (3)
They took up a knife and cut off his fame.

But on that resurrection morn (3)
The dirty old bugger had still got a horn.

And so that monk has gone to hell (3)
And we've heard that he's fucking the devil as well.

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THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER

The Mayor of Bayswater got a whore for a daughter,
And the hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knee.

I know cause I've seen them , I've been up and in between them,
The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knees.

One black one, one white one, and one with a bit of shite on,
The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knees.

And if I should court her, I'd have 'em cut shorter,
The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knees.

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THE WOODPECKER

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it."

I took my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it.

Turn it round........revolve it
Turn it back.........reverse it
Slow it down.........retard it
In and Out...........reciprocate it
Smell it now.........revolting.

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RICKY DAN DO

As I was walking down the street,
A fair young maid I chanced to meet,
She said "Hello, how do you do,
Would you like to play with my Ricky Dan Do".

"Your Ricky Dan Do" I said "what's that?"
"It's soft and smooth, like a pussy cat,
Hairs all round and split in two,
That's what I call my Ricky Dan Do." (CHORUS)

She took me to her father's cellar,
She said to me "You're a very nice feller"
She gave me wine and whisky too,
And I played all night with her Ricky Dan Do.

Her father came and her father said,
"You've gone and lost your maidenhead,
So pack your grip and baggage too,
And earn your living with your Ricky Dan Do."

She went to town to be a whore,
She hung this notice outside her foor,
"Ten dollars down, no less will do,
If you want to play with my Ricky Dan Do."

There came a policeman up to her door,
"Show me your licence to be a whore,"
"I have no licence, tell you what I'll do,
I'll let you play with my Ricky Dan Do."

The boys all came the boys all went,
The price came down to eighteen cents,
From sweet sixteen to eighty-two,
All had a bash at her Ricky Dan Do.

There came a guy, a son of a bitch,
Who had the pox and the sailor's itch,
He had blue balls and shankers too,
And he played with her Ricky Dan Do.

And the Ricky Dan Do now is badly worn,
The Ricky Dan Do is tattered and torn,
The Ricky Dan Do now is up the kite,
To the Ricky Dan Do We'll say "Goodnight"

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WIRRAWAYS DON'T WORRY ME

Wirraways don't worry me, Wirraways don't worry me,
Oil burning bastards with flaps on their wings,
With buggered up pistons and buggered up rings,
The bomb load is so fucking small,
Three fifths of five eights of fuck all,
There's such a commotion out over the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

They say that the Japs have a very fine kite,
That we're no longer in doubt,
When there's a Zero way out on your tail,
This is the way to get out....
Be cool and collected, be calm and serene,
Don't let your British blood boil,
Don't hesitate, shove her right through the gate,
And drown the poor bastard in oil.

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DARK AND DREAMY EYES

A few old whores of Portsmith town,
Were drinking Spanish wine,
The gist of the conversation was,
"Is your cunt bigger than mine."

Then up there spake the fisherman's wife,
And she was dressed in black,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a fishing smack,
She had a fishing smack, my boys,
The sodlings and the dabs,
And in the other corner
She'd a shocking dose of crabs.

CHORUS: She had those dark and dreamy eyes,
And a Whizz-bang up her jacksey,
She was one of the flash-eyed whores,
One of the old brigade.

Then up there spake the brewer's wife,
And she was dressed in grey,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a brewer's dray,
She had the brewer's dray, my boys,
A thing just like a truck,
And in the other corner,
She'd the remains of last night's fuck,

Then up there spake the sailor's wife,
And she was dressed in blue,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She ahd a life-boat's crew,
She had a life-boat's crew, my boys,
The rowlocks and the oars,
And in the other corner,
the Marines were forming fours.

Then up there spake the cricketer's wife,
And she was dressed in vermillion,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the Lords Pavilion.
She had the Lords Pavilion, boys
A social sort of joint,
And in the other corner,
There was Hobbs at cover point.

Then up there spake the barman's wife,
And she was dressed in yellow,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the whole wine cellar,
She had the whole wine cellar, boys,
With barrels full of beer,
And in the other corner,
She had Pox and Gonorrhea,

Then up there spake the airman's wife,
And she was dressed in beige,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had Handly-Page,
She had Handly-Page, my boys,
With a joy stick and its knob,
And in the other corner,
Were two airmen on the job.

DARK AND DREAMY EYES (CONT.)

Then up there spake the actor's wife,
Who was also dressed in beige,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the Windmill stage,
She had the Windmill stage, my boys,
The gallery and the stalls,
And in the other corner,
She had C.B. Cochrane's balls.

And then up spake the pilot's wife,
And she was dressed in chrome,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the aerodrome,
She had the aerodrome, my boys,
The bombers and the troops,
And in the other corner
There Wimpys Looping loops.

Then up there spake the ops room girl,
She was a little WAAF,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the Ops room staff,
She had the Ops room staff, my boys,
All fucking there like hell,
And in the other corner,
She'd had the signals staff as well.

And then up spake the telephone girl
And she was dressed very strange,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a camp exchange,
She had a camp exchange, my boys
The wires and all the switches,
And in the other corner,
The CO'd left his britches.

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THEY CALLED THE BASTARD STEPHENS

A maid sat in a mountain glen,
Seducing herself with a fountain pen,
The capsule broke, the ink ran wild,
And she gave birth to a blue-black child,

And they called the bastard Stephens
And they called the bastard Stephens,
And they called the bastard Stephens,
'Cause he was a blue-black child.

No matter how nor where nor when,
Use Stephens ink in your fountain pen.

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FUNICULI - FUNICULA

Last night, I pulled my pud, I thought I would, to do me good,
Last night I used the long stroke, I used the short stroke,
I used my hand, twas simply grand,
Smash it, crash it bash it on the floor,
Heave it, squeeze it, jam it in the door,
Some folks stick to buggery, and some think fuckings grand,
But for personal enjoyment, I shall always use my hand.

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IN MOBILE

There's a shortage of whores in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
But there's keyholes in the doors
And there's knot-holes in the floors, in Mobile.

There's a blockage in the bogs, in Mobile, (3 times)
It's a habit of the working classes,
When they've finished with their glasses,
They just stuff them up their arses, in Mobile.

Oh, the old dun cow is dead, in Mobile (3times)
But the children must be fed,
So we'll milk the bull instead, in Mobile,

Oh, the eagles they fly high, in Mobile (3 times)
And they shit right in your eye
So thank God the cows don't fly, in Mobile.

Oh, the negroes they grow tall, in Mobile (3 times)
But they shoot them in the fall,
And they eat 'em balls and all, in Mobile.

Oh, the parson he has come, in Mobile (3 times)
With his words of kingdom come,
He can stuff 'em up his bum, in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good beer, in Mobile (3 times)
And they give us damn good cheer,
Oh, thank God that we are here, in Mobile.

There's a lovely girl called Dinah, in Mobile, (3)
For a fuck there is no finer,
'Cause she's got the best Vagina, in Mobile.

There's a man called Lanky Danny, in Mobile, (3)
And his instinct is uncanny
When he's fingering a fanny, in Mobile.

There's a tavern in the town, in Mobile, (3)
Where for half a fucking crown
"You can fuck 'em upside down"

Oh, the girls all wear tin pants, in Mobile, (3)
But they take them off to dance
Just to give the boys a chance, in Mobile

There's excess of copulation, in Mobile, (3)
They relax for stimulation
On mutual masterbation, in Mobile

The CO is a bugger, in Mobile, (3)
And the adj, he is another
So they bugger one another, in Mobile.

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OH, JOHNNY

Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Look what you've done,
Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, I'll tell my mum,
You've put me in the family way,
Whatever will my daddy say,
Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, I'm six months gone,
Three months to go,
If you value your life, you will make me your Wife
Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, OH.

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WRECK OF THE NINETY-SEVEN

There were ninety-seven airplanes warming up on the apron
Far as the eye could see,
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction
But the last was a 51-D.

Then a second Lieutenant wandered into operations,
Asked for a ship to fly,
They said "Young man, we are very short of airplanes
But we'll get you a something by and by."

Now the first forty-six were reserved for the majors,
The captains have the next forty-nine,
There's only one other ship on the end of the apron,
Said the shavetail, "When that one is mine."

So he flew over Taejon and the Taegu airstrips,
When the ceiling began to fall,
The clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains,
He couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through the rain, he flew through the snowstorm,
When the light began to fail,
Then he spied a railroad going in his direction,
And he said, "Better get there by rail."

He flew down the valley and he dodged through the canyon,
Keeping that train in his sight,
Till the rails disappeared in a hole in the mountains,
That was the end of his flight.

It was old ninety-seven with her nose in the mountain,
Her wheels set akimbo on the track,
Yes, her throttle was bent in the forward direction,
But her engine was facing straight back.

Oh, ladies, ladies, take fair warning,
From this time now on,
Never speak harsh words to your high flying pilot,
He may leave you and never return.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

No, don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,
They're scattered and smitten, from Burma to Britain.....

CHORUS: No, give me operations, way out on some lonely atol
For I am too young to die, I just want to grow old.

And don't give me a P-39, the engine is mounted behind,
She'll tumble and spin and she'll auger you in.......

Don't give me a Peter-four oh, It's a hell of an airplane I know
She's a ground looping bastard, and you're sure to get plastered.

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and A/B,
She's fast, I don't care she blows up in mid-air,.....

And don't give me an F-84, She's just a ground loving whore,
She'll whine and she'll wheeze and make straight for the trees..

SONG OF THE SABRES

I looked upon the schedule and was happy as a king.
For once I had a mission that I wasn't flying wing.
I went down to the briefing room and my tiger blood went ping.
For there sat Col. Joe McSchmoe and they had me on his wing.
For there sat Col. Joe McSchmow and they had me on his wing.

The mission was all briefed to go at quarter after nine.
Gabby had given us all the poop, the weather it was fine.
"One word of advice." he said to us, "though I hate to spoil your fun
"Stay out from in front of that MIG-15, it's got too big a gun."
"Stay out from in front of that MIG-15, it's got too big a gun."

We were augerin' around away up there as watchful as could be.
Red leader said, "Take a look at six and see what you can see."
I took a look at six o'clock and much to my surprise,
I discovered a BOOM BOOM BOOM right before my eyes.
I discovered a BOOM BOOM BOOM right before my eyes.

The cannon balls were flying around as thick as they could be.
I took one look and said, says I, this ain't no place for me.
I rolled it over and sucked it through and took it down below.
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come
back no mo'.

I shoved the throttle to the wall a' running for my life.
Red Leader said, "Come back here, you coward, and join in the strife."
"You a—", I said with quaking voice, "this ain't no place for Me"
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea.
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea.

I took a hit upon the wing, another in the tail,
The way that Sabre was bucking around, I'd surely have to bail,
I reached into the cockpit and pulled the handle red.
If I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead.
If I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead,

The moral of this story is, if you're ever in a fight,
And You've got a MIG at sixo'clock, and he's all tucked in tight,
Don't ever roll out or pull it up, that's my advice to you.
Cause you'll never get rid of that SOB not matter what you do.
Cause you'll never get rid of that SOB not matter what you do.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

CHORUS:
Oh Halleluja, Oh halleluja,
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot's ass,
Oh halleluja , Oh halleluja,
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved,

I was cruising down the Yalu, doing six and twenty per
When a call came from the major, oh won't you save me,sir?
Got three flack holes in my wings, my tanks are out of gas,
Mayday, mayday, mayday, I got six Migs up my ass.

I shot my traffic pattern and to me it looked alright
The airspeed read one-thirty, my God I racked it tight,
Then the airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze,
Mayday, mayday, mayday, spin instruction please.

Fucked up my cross wind landing, my wing tip hit the ground,
Got a call from mobile "pull up and go around"
I yanked that meteor in the air, a hundred feet or more,
The engine quit, I damn near shit, the gear came through the floor.

It was split S on my bomb run, and I got too goddamned low,
But I pressed that bloody button, and I let those babies go,
Sucked the stick back fast as blazes, when I hit a high speed stall,
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done next fall.

Strafing on the target, my passes were too low,
Got a call from Turkeytrot, "Once more and home you go"
I racked that meteor in the air, a hundred feet or more,
Alas, alak I'm on my back, why did I use full bore.

Then they sent me down to Pyongyang, the brief said no ack ack,
But by the time that I arrived there my wings were mostly flak,
Then my engine coughed and splutteree, it was too cut up to fly
Mayday, mayday, mayday, I'm too young to die.

I bailed out from the sabre and the landing came out fine,
With my E and E equipment I made for our front line,
Then I opened up my ration to see what was in it,
The goddamned quartermaster had filled the tin with shit.

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CIGARETS AND SAKE

CHORUS : Cigareets and sake and wild, wild josans
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Cigareets and sake and wild, wild josans
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Now, once I was happy, I had a dear wife,
I had enough yen for tolast me for life,
I met with a josan, we went on a spree,
She started me smokin' and drinking sake,

I got into bed then,some sleep for to get,
She said, "No sleep, flyboy, I no tired yet,"
Well, I woke the next morning, a quarter past ten,
I was missing my wallet and ten thousand yen.

Now back in Chitose, I'm limping about,
Me and the doctor are sweating it out,
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf,
Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself.

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THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

'Twas on the good ship Venus
By gad, you should have seen us,
The figure head was a whore in bed,
And the mast a rampant penis.

CHORUS: Frigging in the rigging,
Frigging in the rigging,
Frigging in the rigging
There's fuck all else to do.

The Captain of the lugger
He wasn't made of sugar,
He wasn't made of sugar,
The syphilitic bugger.

The O.C. Navigation, was hot on masturbation,
He taught thosejoys to two small boys,
And gave them constipation.

The first mate's name was Morgan, he really was a gorgan,
Three times a day he used to play
Upon his sexual organ.

The cabin boys name was Ripper, He was an artful nipper,
He stuffed his arse with broken glass
And circumsised the Skipper.

The Quartermaster was Pember,
He had a crashing member,
On nights of frost, himself he tossed,
Before a glowing ember.

The Bosun's name was Walker, He really was a corker,
The filthy sod had been in quod
For dalliance with a porker.

Once in a drunken frolick, The bosun lost a bollock,
With foul intent, on Mable bent, He impaled it on a rowlock.

The ship's dog name was Rover, By gad he was in clover,
We ground and ground that faithful hound
From Tenereefe to Dover.

The cabin boy was pretty, It really is a pity,
The things they did to that poor kid
Would quite upset this ditty.

The Captain had a daughter, Who fell into the water,
Delighted squeels revealed that eels,
Had found her sexual quarter.

His daughter's name was Mable, As good as she was able,
Till Jumping Jude to her was rude,
Upon the kitchen table.

They sailed to far Algeria, To none were they inferior
The prostitutes along the routes,
Grew wearier and wearier.

They made for the Bahamas, The harems and zenanas,
They did eschew that poxy crew,
And much preferred bananas.

They sailed to Buenos Aires, And laid with all the fairies,
They got the Syph at Tenereefe
And clap in the Cananies.

The Good Ship Venus (Contd)

The cook's name was O'Malley,
He did not dilly dally,
He pulled his bolt with such a jolt,
He white-washed half the galley.

Then tired of fornication, they sought a new sensation,
They sunk a junk in a sea of spunk,
Through mutual masturbation.

Then, tired of this pollution, They sought for absolution,
They upped the priest, the dirty beast,
And broke their resolution.

At first the priest resisted, But then the crew insisted,
And some burned rum, beneath his bum,
And some his bollocks twisted.

Pray benidiction for us, Pour absolution O'er us,
You shaggy shite, you shall recite,
The Halleluja Chorus.

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ANTHONY ROLY

A is for arse-holes, all covered in shit,
Hey Ho says Roly (chorus)
And B is for bugger who revels in it
With a Roly Poly, gammon and spinach
Hey Ho for Anthony Roly. (chorus)

1 C's for cunt, all dripping in piss,
And D for the drunkard who gave it a kiss.

2 E's for the eunuch with only one ball,
And F for the fucker with no ball at all.

3. G is for goitre, gonnerrhea and gout,
And H is for harlot who dishes it out.

4. I is for injeotion for syphillis and itch,
And J is the jump of a dog on a bitch.

5. K is for king who shot on the floor,
And L is for lousy, licentious whore.

6. M is for maidenhead, tattered and torn,
And N is for Nancy whose arse-hole is worn.

7. O is for orifice, already revealed,
And P is for penis, ready unpeeled.

8 Q is for quaker who shot in his hat,
And R is for Rodger who rodgered the cat.

9. S is for shit-pit full to the brim,
And T is the turd that is floating therin.

10 U is the usher who taught in the school,
And V is for the virgin who played with his tool.

11 W is the whore who thinks fuckings a farce,
And X,Y, and Z you can stick up your arse.

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UP THE DUFF

My girl-friend's up the duff in Canberra city,
She's only got another to go,
I took her out to Luna Park, and went aboard the dipper,
Then coming down the stairs I tried my very best to trip her,
It looks as tho' its going to be a very stubborn nipper.
For she's only got another month to grow.
She's gone about as far as she can go.

She told me many months ago that it was getting late,
According to the calendar I've only one to wait,
Four weeks and a day or two should be the opening date,

I took her to the doctors, I took her to the quacks,
I took her on a motor bike over bumpy tracks,
But I expect a rebate on my next year's income tax.

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LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
So, let's have a party....
Let's have a party, let's have some fun,
Let's have a party, 77 Squadron's on the run
Break left, break right,
Streamers on the wing,
Snap-dragons, Slow-rolls,
We do everything.
We are the joy boys of old Kimpo
Hello, hello, hello, hello-oh-oh:

Now, we're going to tear down the bar in the officers' club
We're going to build us a new bar,
It's only gonna be one foot wide,
But it's gonna be a mile long,
There's gonna be no bar tenders at our bar,
There's only gonna be barmaids,
Our barmaids will wear long fresses,
Made out of cellophane,
You can't take our barmaids to your bunks,
They take you to theirs,
You can't sleep with our barmaids,
They don't let you sleep,
Soda's gonna be ten bucks a glass,
Whisky free,
Only one to each pilot,
Served in buckets,
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river
And then we'll all go swimming,
Now no girls are allowed in the USO hall,
With their clothes on,
There'll be no lovin' on the dance floor,
And no dancing on the lovin' floor....

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FIGHTER PILOTS' LAMENT

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell (2 times)
Oh, the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray, (2)
They are in the USOs, wearing ribbons, fancy clothes

Oh, the bomber pilot's life is just a farce, (2)
The automatic pilot's on, he's reading novels in the john.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in Wing, (2)
The place is full of brass, sitting ' round on their fat rse.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots back at home, (2)
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores,

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BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,
But I know a guy who is cursing him yet,
For he tried to go over the wall,
With his tiptanks, his tailpipes and all,
The needles did cross and the wings did come off,
Cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Well, bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The needle, the airspeed, the ball,
Bless all those instructors who taught me to fly,
Sent me to solo and left me to die,
If ever your blow jet should stall,
Well, you're in for one hell of a fall,
No lilies, no violets for dead fighter pilots,
Cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless all the sergeants and their bloody sons,
Bless all the corporals, the fat headed ones,
I'm saying goodbye to them all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Here's to you and lots others
You can shove it up brothers
I'm going back home in the fall.

ROLL ME OVER

Now this number one, and the song has just begun,
CHORUS: Roll me over lay me down and do it again,
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew,
Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee,
Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor,
Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh,
Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix,
Nov this is number seven, and I think I am in heaven,
Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate,
Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine,
Now this is number ten, and he's started once again,

BE PURE

For all loyal adherents to the S.C.I.I.A.E.S. we publish the words of the anthem "Pure as the Lily" , sung to the tune of "Ivory Tower".

Be pure, be pure, be pure as the lily,
Reject your old sinful ways,
Don't smoke, don't drink, take your hands off that filly,

Be chaste for the rest of your days.
Be wholesome, be wholesome,
And rember the words that we say-
Be pure, be pure, be pure as the lily,
But don't ask us to show you the way.
Amen.....

SHE WAS PURE BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was poor, but she was honest,
Victim of the squire's·game;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she lost her honest name.

Chorus: It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor that gets the blame;
It's the rich that lives in clover,
Ain't that a bleeding shame.

Then she ran away to London,
For to hide her grief and shame.
There she met another squire,
And she lost her name again.

In the bich man's arms she flutters
Like a bird wihth broken wing;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in his splendid mansion,
Entertaining with the best,
While the girl he has ruined,
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,
Making laws to put down crime,
While the victim of his passions
Trails her way thro' mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
She says "Farewell, blighted love,"
Then a scream, a splash - Good heavens,
What is she a-doin' of?

Then they dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrang,
For they thought that she was drowned,
But the corpse got up and sang.

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor that gets the blame,
It's the rich that lives in clover,
Ain't it all a bleedin' shame.

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT LAY DYING

Charlotte the harlot lay dying
A piss hat supported her head
The blowflies were buzzing around her
She rolled on her left tit and said.

Chorus: I've been fucked by the army the navy
By a bullfighting toreador
By dingoes and drongoes and dagoes
But never by maggots before.
So roll back your dirty old forlskins
And give me the cream of your nuts
So they rolled back their dirty old foreskins
And played "Home sweet Home" on her guts.

Charlotte the harlot repented
She'd never have another bang
She wanted to go to heaven
She lay on her right tit and sang.
Chorus:

Charlotte the harlot was buried
The town was quieter than before
But one night at the local brothel
Her ghost it appeared at the door.
Chorus:

THE SHITHOUSE BLUES

Dan, Dan, the sanitary man,
Superintendant of the lavatory pan,
He puts out the paper and he changes the towels
Accompanied by the rhythm of the rumbling bowels
Hot shit! I got the shithouse blues
Hot shit! I wanna do it in my shoes.

JOHN PEEL

'Do ye ken John Peel?' 'Yes, Iknow the bugger well
With a head on his hammer like the Icnhcape bell,
Nine inches on the slack, twelve inches on the swell,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphilis, gonorrhea, piles,
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Do ye ken John Peel with a cock in a sling
And his two brass balls going ting-a-ling-a-ling,
He's lying in the grass with a carrot up his arse
And he won't take it out till morning.

Now the elephant is a funny bloke
He seldom has a poke
But when he does he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The hippopotamus it seems
Very rarely has wet dreams,
But when he does it comes in streams
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale
With a funny little diddle tucked under his tail,
And he rides his missus in the teeth of a gale
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Oh the sargeant major leads a solitarylife,
And he hasn't got a woman, and he hasn't got a wife
So he satisfies himself on the regimental fife,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

If you wake up in the morning with your penis in your
hand,
And you've got a funny feeling in your seminary gland,
If you haven't got a woman, then pull it in yourhand
In the dark early hours of the morning.

The poor domestic doggie on the chain all day,
Never gets a chance to let himself go gay,
So he licks at his dick in a frantic way
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The owls in the trees, the cats on the tiles;
One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in files,
You can hear thehappy howls and the shrieks for miles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Now I met a girl and she was a dear,
But she gave me a dose of gonorrhea:
Fools rush in where angels fear....
As I revelled in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the monning with thoughts of
sexual joy
And your wife has got the monthlies and your daughter sa
says she's coy;
Just rip it up the rectum of your eldest boy,
As you revel in the joys of copulatoin.

NELLIE DARLING

Oh I love the smell of Nellie's perspiration
These little one cannot have too much
But I make one tiny stipulation
That its better from your armpits than your crutch.

Oh your arsehole's like a stovepipe, Nellie darling
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
There's a yard of lint protruding from your vulva
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a thousand crabs a'crawling round your arsehole
And when you piss, youy piss's green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So make one dear and shove it up your arse.

THE MARRYING KIND

If I were the marrying kind, Sir
And you can bet I'm not, Sir
The girl I'd choose to share my bed
Would be a .... girl, Sir.

'Cos I would fuck and she would fuck
And we would fuck together
Oh what fun in the middle of the night
Fucking hard together.

'Cos I would push; bully; bang; hit; etc....

CRAVEN 'A'

Chorus:

Craven A , never heard of fornication
Craven A , silly little fool
Craven A , quite content with masturbation
Thought a cunt was something you were called
at school.

His arrival at the varsity was quite grotesque
He laid his great penis on hte tutor's desk
Said the tutor, 'If it stays there in its present state
I'll be forced to use that penis for a paperweight.'
Chorus.....

Now the tutor said, 'There is one thing I must impress
You must not masturbate in academic dress'.
So Craven just to show he didn't give a fuck
Tossed himself off on the inkwellshouting,
'One for luck'.
Chorus.....

Now Suzy was the daughter of the landlady
She brought her cunt up every morning with a cup of tea
And she'd been done so often that the courts declare
Her vagina constitutes a public thoroughfare.
Chorus......

DIGGING UP FATHERS GRAVE

There digging up Fathers grave,
To build a sewer,
And they're digging it up regardless of expense;
Now they're digging up his remains,
To make way for shithouse drains,
To irrigate some moll's new residence.

COR BLIMEY

Now Father all his life was never a quitter,
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now,
For when that john's complete,
He'll justhold that shithouse seat,
And he'll only let them shit when he'll allow.

COR BLIMEY

[illegible]

[illegible],

[illegible] pipeline for [illegible] crap,

Now what's the use of loving a religion,
And to think that when youre dead your troubles cease,
But if some Arts chap,
Wants a pipeline for his crap,
He'll never let the old sod rest in peace.

COR BLIMEY

But wont ther be some constipation,
And wont those shit bound toffs begin to rage,
But they're getting what they deserve,
For having the fucking nerve,
For fucking around with an old Honest Workman's grave.

COR BLIMEY.

NEVER ROOT
(Tune: Never Smile at a Crocadile)

Never root with a prostitute
Never stop a while and give your bolt a shot,
Dont be taken by her welcome grin
She's imagining how much you'll get when you slip in.

Never root with a prostitute
Even though she says you've got a beaut
Dont be rude, never mock,use your head and not your cock,
But never root with a prostitute.

Never root with a prostitute
Though you may be well humg
And know how to kiss with your tongue
There's one kind of bag not to slag when you're on the run.

So never root with a prostitute
Even though she says you've got a beaut
Dont be rude, never mock, use your head and not your cock.
And never root with a prostitute.

THE HARLOT OF JERYSALEM
(virgin 1)

In days of old there lived a maid
Who used to do a roaring trade
A prostitute of ill repute,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

CHORUS:
Hi Ho KafooZalem, Kafoozalem, Kafoozalem,
Hi Ho Kafoozalem, the harlot of Jerusalem.

She lived within the palace walls
And round the walls were hung the balls
Of every cootthat tried to root
The harlot of Jrcusalem.

Nearby there lived an arab tall
Who with his prick could move a wall
It was the pride of nearly all
The harlots of Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree
He saw her there beneath a tree
And vowed that very night that he
Would lay her im Jerusalem.

He took her to a shady nook
And from his open fly he took
A penis like a butchers hook
The finest in Jerusalem.

He laid her down upon her back
And tried to shove it up her crack
But had no luck in trying to fuck
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Kafoozalem she gave a grunt
And with a snap she shut her cunt
And threwhim high into the sky
Far beyond Jerusalem.

Away he flew across the sea
Across the Sea of Gallilee
And caught hisbuttocks in a tree
Three leagues beyond Jerusalem.

And there he hangs unto this day
And seen by all who pass that way
The silly ape that tried to rape
The harlot of Jerusalem.

RINGY DANG DOO

O she took me down into the cellar
And she told me I was a very fine feller,
O she fed me wine and whisky too
And she placed my hand on the RINGY DANG DOO.
CHORUS
O the RINGY DANG DOO,pray what is that?
With fur all round like a pussy cat,
With a hole in the middle and split in two,
That's what they call the RINGY DANG DOO.

2Get out of here",her father said,
Since you have lost your maidenhead.
So she packed her bags and suitcase too
And she left that place with the RINGY DANG DOO.

O she went to town and be came a whore,
And she hung her sign outside her door.
And they came in ones and two by two,
Just to sample the joys of the RINGY DANG DOO.

O she left that town the son of a bitch,
With a load of the jack and the seven year itch
O she had V.D.and syphyllis too,
And she carried it all in the RINGY DANG DOO.

O the RINGY DANG DOO is a thing of the past,
Now all the young lads whop it up the arse.
If you want any more it's up to you
That's all there is of the RINGY DANG DOO.

BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Daisy,Daisy show me your grassy land
I'm half crazy,my cock is on the stand,
You are of the femine gender
Your crutch is soft and tender
You sit in front,I'lltickle your cunt
On a bicycle built for two.

Johnny,Johnny show me your long red cock,
I'm half crazy wanting that sudden shock.
You are of the masculine gender,
Your cock is long and slender,
I'll sit in front,you'll tickle my cunt
On a bicycle built for two.

THAT BOSOM PAL OF MINE

OH, how I love that bosom pal of mine (twice)
Oh, how I love that bosom (twice)
Oh how I love that bosom pal of mine.

She has a lovely country estate

She has a lovely navel uniform

Oh I can't wait to get in her new car

Have you seen her lovely bottom set of teeth.

Oh she has a lovely thy-roid gland.

Oh I'd like to give her a baby Austin car.

Have you ever seen her dress up on the line?

Oh I'd like to take her pants down to the cleaners.

THE MONK

There was a monk of great renown,
There was a monk of great renown,
There was a monk of great renown,
He fucked all the harlots around the town,
He fucked all the harlots around the town.

Chorus:
The old bastard. The old sod.
What will we do with him?
Fuck him.
Let us spray-
Glory Glory Allelulah-- Shit.
Balls to Mr. Winklestein, Winklestein, Winklestein,
Balls to Mr. Winklestein, dirty old man
For he keeps us waiting while he's masturbating
So balls to Mr. Winklestein, dirty old man.
He upsem, he downs 'em
He fucks 'em, he drowns 'em
So balls to Mr. Winklestein, dirty old man.

The monk stood in the Priory Hall, (3)
He fucked a nun against the wall. (2)

The other monks looked up in shame, (3)
And wished that they could do the same. (2)

THE CLEAN SONG

There once was a sailor, he looked thru the glass
And spied a fair maiden with scales on her
Island where seagulls fly over the nest
She combed the long hair that hung over her
Shoulders and caused it to tickle and itch
The sailor cried out there's a beautiful
Mermaid out sitting there on the rocks
The crew came a running a'grabbing their
Glasses alleager to share in this fine piece of news
That the captain soon heard from the
Watch. He put on his pants which he kept by the door
In case he might someday encounter a
Mermaid. He new he must use all of his wits
Crying throw out a line we'll lasso her
Flippers, feeling free just after the farce
She splashed in the waves and fell flat on her
After coming with spleen
This song may seem dull but its certainly
Clean..

IN DAYS OF OLD

In days of old when knights were bold ,
And paper was'nt invented!
They wiped their arse with mallee grass
And had to be contented.
To be contented,
they had to be contented.

In days of old when knights were bold,
And frangers weren't invented
They wrapped their cocks in woolen socks
And had to be contented.
To be......

In days of old when knights were bold,
And women were'nt invented
They drilled a hole in a wooden pole
And had to be contented
To be ......



THE PASSENGE??

The passengers will please refrain from flushing while the train is in the
Station, Darling, Darling I love you
We encourage constipation while the train is in the station
Moonlight always makes me think of you.
If you wish to pass some water, kindly call the Pullman porter
He will place a vessel in your room,
If the porter isn't near, then try the platform in thexrear
The one in front is likely to be full.
If the women's room be taken, never feel the least forsaken
Never show a sign of sad defeat,
Try the men's room 'cross the hall, and if some man has had to call
He'll graciously relinquish you his seat.
If these efforts are in vain then simply break the window pane
This novel method's used by very few,
We go strolling through the park, using statues in the dark,
If Mr. Pitt can do it, so can you.

LITTLE ANGELINE

She was sweet sixteen little Angeline
Always dancing on the village green
Never had a thrill, was a virgin still
Poor little Angeline.

Now the local squire had a low desire
Filthiest barstad in the whole dammed shire
He had his heart on the vital part
Of poor little Angeline.

Came the village fair and the squire was there
Masturbating on the village square.
When he chanced to see the dainty knee
Of poor little Angeline

She had raised her skirt to avoid the dirt
As she skipped between the puddles of the squires last squirt
And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw
Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and he said, "Your cat
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat,
Now my car's in the square, and I'll take you there"
Poor Little Angeline

Now that filthy turd should have got that bird,
But she climbed right in without a word.
As they drove away you could hear them say

They had not gone far when he stopped the car
And took little Angeline into a bar
Where he gave her a gin just to make her sin
Poor little Angeline.

When he oiled her well, he took her to a dell
And there he gave her bloody fucking hell
And he tried his luck on a low down fuck
Poor little Angeline.

With a cry of rape he raised his cape,
Poor little Angeline had no escape
Now its time someone came to save the name
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village blacksmith was brave and bold
And loved Angeline for years untold
And he vowed he'd be true whatever they'de do to
Poor little Angeline.

But sad to say that very same day
The blacksmith had gone to jail to stay
For coming in his pants at the local dance
With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of the cell overlooked the dell
Where the squire with Angie was giving her hell
And there upon the grass he recognized the arse
Of poor little Angeline.

Now he got such a start he let go a fart and
Blew that whole bloody jail apart
And he ran like shit lest the squire should split
His poor little Angeline.

Oh blacksmith oh blacksmith I love you true
And I can tell by your trousers that you love me too
Here I am undressed you can do the rest
Cried poor little Angeline.

Now it would be wrong here to e nd this song
For the blacksmith had a penis fully one foot long
And his natural charm was as thick as your arm
Lucky little Angeline.

TELL US ANOTHERIE

A giddy young trollop at Yale
Had verses tatooed on her tail,
And below her behind
For the sake of the blind
Was a duplicate version in braille.

CHORUS: OH, that was a dirty old rhyme,
Tell us anothery, dirty as buggery,
Tell us anothery, do, please do.

There was a young lady from Thrace,
Whose corsets grew too tight to lace.
Her mother said "Nelly", there's more in your belly,
Than ever went in through your face."

There once was a lady of the Azores,
Whose cunt was all covered in sores,
Even dogs in the street wouldn't lick the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There once was a lady of Exter
Who made all the men crane their necks at her,
And some who were brave would gallantly wave
The distinguishing marks of their sex at her.

There once was a monk from Siberia
Whose morals were rather inferior
He did to a nun what he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a mother superior.

There was a young lady called Starkie,
Who had an affair with a darkie,
The result of this sin was quadruplets, not twins,
One black, and one white, and two khaki.

There was a young man from Australia,
Who painted his rear like a dahlia,
The drawing was fin, the colour divine,
But the smell of the bloom was a failure.

A lesbian once in Khartoum,
Asked a fairy boy up to her room
They spent the whole night in a hell of a fight
As to which should do what and to whom.

The dirty old bishop of Buckingham
Was thinking of tits and of sucking 'em,
While watching the stunts of the cunts in the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

There was a young lady of Kew,
Who said as the Bishop withdrew,
"The vicar was quicker and slicker and thicker
And nine inches longer than you."

There was a fellow from Peru,
Who lived on cat's jerk-off and spew,
When he tired of these, he lived on the cheese
That under his foreskin grew.

There once was a monastry monk,
Who went off to sleep on a bunk,
He dreamt that Venus was stroking his penis
And woke with a handful of spunk.

A dirty old man from Calcutta,
Once raped a young girl in the gutter
The heat of the sun burnt a hole in his bum
And melted his balls into butter.

There awe an old hag from Jahore,
Who was covered with syphilis sore,
Great sheets of green meat hung in lengths to the street
For the dogs to lick up and gnaw.

There once was a dentist named Chome
Who had a young patient from Rome
In a fit of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity
Now she's nursing the filling at home.

There once was a lady called Myrtle,
Who had an affair with a turtle
The next day at dawn, she gave birth to a prawn,
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

Said the Duke to the Duchess elective,
"Is my eyesight becoming defective?
Is the east tit the least to best of the west tit
Or is it my lack of perspective?"

There was a young man from Rhiems
Who used to have wet dreams,
With commendable wit, he encased them in shit,
And sold them as chocolate creams

There was a young baker from Tottenham
Who used to bake pies and put snot in 'em
She also interned the turds of the birds,
And whopped off young dogs till they shot in 'em

There was a young lad from the Yarra
Whose prick was as big as a marrow,
So he said to his tart "Cop this for a start,
And I'll whell my balls up in a barrow."

There was a young girl from Dakota
Who lived in a Chinese pagoda,
The walls of the halls were lined with the balls
And the tools of the fools who had rode her.

There was a young man from Perth
Who was the dirtiest bastard on earth,
When his wife was confined, he pulled down the blind
And licked up the green afterbirth.

There was a young man from the Alice
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,
But it wasn't the need which prompted the deed,
But pure sectarian malice.

There was a young lady from Ceit,
Who went to a twopenny closet;
And when she got there, she could only pass air,
That wasn't worth twopene, was it?

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
As he played with the twot of his madam;
He chuckled with mirth, as he thought: On this earth
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There aws a young man of Kings,
Whose mind dwelt on heavenly things,
His earthly desire was a boy from the choir,
With an arse like a jelly on springs.

There was a young lady of fashion,
Who had oodles and oodles of passion,
To the bridegroom she said, on the night she was wed
"Here's one thing the State can't ration".

There was a young lady of Erskine
And the cheif of her charms was a fair skin,
But the sable she wore, (and minks galore)
She earned whilst wearing her bare skin

Oh knock-kneed Sam McGuzzen
Who married his bow legged cousin.
Some people say love finds a way,
But for Sam and his cousin it doesn't.

There was a young lady from York
Said to a Frenchman who gnawed at her fork
"my cunt is dripping, so stop your sipping
And use your cock as a cork."

There once was a girl from Lieth,
Who sucked young men off with her teeth
It wasn't for pleasure she adopted this measure
But to get at the cheese underneath

There was a young man from Pardon,
Whose sort sucked him off in the garden
He said "Hey Flo, where did it go?"
She said "Hup, beg your pardon?"

There was a young man from Kildare
Who started a root on a stair,
When the bannister broke, he just quickened his stroke
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a young fellow of Leeds,
Who swallowed a packet of seeds,
In a month, silly arse, he was covered in grass,
And couldn't sit down for the weeds.

There was a young splinterish lass
Who constructed her panties of brass
When asked Do they chafe?" She said "Yes, but its safe
Against pinches and pins in your arse."

A midget, once quite indiscreet,
Went to a dance in the street
One frigid December, he froze every member,
And crept away to retreat.

A fanatic gun-lover called Crust
Was perverse to the point of disgust
His idea of a peach had a 16" breach
And a pearlhandled 44 bust.

There once was a maiden from Multry
Whose knowledge was quite desultery,
She explained like a sage, adolescence- the stage
Between puberty and adultery.

There was a young lady from Sydney
Who could take it right up to the kidney,
But a man from the South got it up to her mouth,
He got his money's worth didn't he!

There was a young man from Rangoon,
Who was an unfortunate houn,
He hadn't the luck to be born by a fuck,
But by a wet dream fed in by a spoon.

There was a young girl from Bengal
Who went to the birth control ball.
Took all her accessories; letters and pecaries,
And didn't get asked at all.

A policeman from Tottenham junction
Lost the use of his sexual function
For the rest of his life he deceived his wife
By dextrous use of his trunchion.

There was a young man from St. Paul
Who had ahexagonal ball
The square of his ~~bxxx~~ date, plus his penis times eight
Was two fifths of five eights of fuck all.

There was a young chap from the cape
Who foolishly took on an ape
The ape said "You fool, you'll bugger your tool,
And put my arse out of shape."
There was a young girl in Japan,
There was a young girl in Japan
Who went for a ride in a tram,
The dirty conductor got up and fucked her
And now she's wheeling a pram.

There was a young girl from Bengal
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball,
The dress caught fire, and burnt her entire
Front page, sporting section and all.

A dirty old bastard called Dave
Used to keep a dead whore in a cave,
"I know it's disgusting, but shebonly needs dusting
And think of the money I save".

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who wished that he'd never been born.
He wouldn't have been if his father had seen,
That the end of his letter was torn.

There was a young Jewess called Grace,
Who sucked off one of her race
In spite of her howls, she sucked out his bowels
And spat them back into his face.

There once was a fellow from Kent
Whose tool was horribly bent
To save himself trouble he put it in double
And instead of cumming he went.

There once was a chap from St. Kilda
Who took out a girl called Matilda
He said that he could, and he should, and he would
And he did and he fucking well killed her.

There once was a man named Jim
Who had a girl who ate hymen
It wasn't her size that attracted his eyes
But the crystallized cum on the rim.

There was a young man from Horsham
Who took out his balls to wash 'em
His mother said "Jack, if you don't put them back
I'll stand on the buggers and squash 'em".

There was a pert lass from Madras
Who had a peculiar arse
Not rounded and pink like you'd probably think,
But was grey, had long ears and ate grass.

There was a young man from Nabs
Who lived on pox pickings and scabs
If he got sick on spew, which he often would do;
His wifes monthly blood brought him through

There was a young man from Bermuda
Who liked his tart nude when he wooed her
She thought it was rude to be wooed in the nude
But the fellow was shrewder and screwed her

There was a young lady called Mable
Who liked it best on the table
What a cunt of a whore, she'd take 200 or more
And invite any back who were able.

A girl of uncertain nativity
Had a sense of extreme sensitivity
When she sat on the lap of a German or Jap
She would sense fifth column activity.

The spouse of a pretty young thing
Came home from the wars in the spring
He was lame but he came with his hand on his cane,
A discharge is a wonderful thing.

THE BALL OF KERRYMOOR

Have you heard of the ball, the ball of Kerrymoor,
Where four and twenty virgins were lying on the floor,

Chorus (No. 1.)
Singing, "Who'll do me this time, who'll do me now,
The one who did me last time must've used a plough."

First lady forward, second lady back,
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

Chorus (Alternative)
Singing, "Balls to your partner, Arse against the wall,
If you've never been shagged on a Saturday night
You've never been shagged at all."

There was fucking in the hallways and fucking in the ricks,
You could'nt hear the music for the swishing of the pricks.

Sandy McPherson he came along, it was a bloody shame,
He fucked a lassie forty times, and would'na take her home.

The Parson's daughter she was there, the cunning little runt,
With poison ivy up her arse, and thistle up her cunt.

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
But after the ball was over there were four and twenty less.

The undertaker he was there, envelóped in a shroud,
Swinging from the chandelier, and pissing on the crowd.

The village idiot he was there, sitting on a pole,
He pulled his foreskin over his head, and whistled
through the hole.

Mrs. O'Maleey she was there, she had the crowd in fits,
A jumping off the mantlepiece, and bouncing off her tits.

The bride was in the kitchen, explaining to the groom,
That the vagina, not the rectum was the entrance to the womb.

The village magician he was there up to his favourite trick
Pulling his foreskin over his head and standing on his prick.

The village smithy he was there sitting by the fire
Doing abortions by the score with a lump of red-hot wire.

Nowfarmer Giles he was there, his sickle in his hand
And every time he swung around he circumcised the band.

The vicar's wife she was there, back against the wall
"Put your money on the table boys I'm fit to do you all.

The vicar & his wife were having lots of fun,
The parson had his finger up another ladies bum.

There was fucking on the highways & fucking in the lanes,
And you could'nt hear the music for the rattling of the stones.

The village doctor he was there, he had his bag of tricks
And in between the dances, he was sterilizing pricks.

Father O'Flanagan he was there, and in the corner he sat
Amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching it in his hat.

There was fucking in the couches, there was fucking in the cots
And lying up against the wall, were rows of grinning twots.

The village postman he was there, he had a load of pox
He couldna get a woman, so he shagged a letter box.

Farmer Brown he was there, a jumping on his hat,
For half an acre of his corn was fairly fucking flat.

------ played a dirty trick, we canna let it pass
He showed a lass his mighty prick and shoved it up her arse.

------ he was there, was drunk without a doot
He tried to stuff the parson's wife but couldna get the root.

------ had an even stoke, his skill was much admired
He gratified one cunt a time untill his strength expired.

------ oh he was there, and he was in despair,
He couldna get his penis through the tangle of the hair.

------ did his fucking oot upon the moor
It was, he though, much nicer than a fucking on the floor.

------ he was there a looking for a fuck,
But every cunt was occupied, so he was out of luck.

------ when he got there his prick was long and high
But when he'd fucked her forty times he was fucking mighty dry.

------ on he was there, his prick was long and broad,
And when he'd fucked the farmer's wife she had to be rebored.

------ he was there, his prick was all alert,
But when half the night was done 'twas dangling in the dirt.

The chimn ey wweep he was there they had to throw him out
For every time he passed his wind the room was filled with soot

The doctor's daughter she was there, she went to gather sticks
She couldna find a blade of grass for balls and standing pricks.

The village builder, he was there, he brought his bag of tricks
He poured cement in all theholes and blunted half the pricks.

Little Jimmy he was there, he had it in his mitt
He had the inclination but he couldna make it spit.

Now Uncle Willie he was there, the leader of the choir
He bit the balls off all the boys to make their voices higher.

Now little Tommy he was there, but he was only eight
He couldna root the women so he had to masturbate.

Sir Winston Churchill he was there, down behind the bar,
When he couldna raise a fat he used a bleak cigar.

There was fucking in the hallways, and fucking on the stairs
You couldna see the carpet for the bums and curly_hairs.

There was fucking from the charderliers, and fucking in the halls
And you couldna hear the bagpipes for the clanging of the balls.

And when the ball was over, they all went home to rest,
They all enfoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

BARNACLE BILL

Who's that knocking at my door
Who's that knocking at my door
Who's that knocking at my door
Cried the fair young maiden.
Oh it's only me from across the sea
Cried Barnacle bill the sailor....
I'm youn enough and ready and tough
Cried Barnacle bill the sailor.

You can sleep upon the floor (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
Oh get off the floor you dirty old wh re
Cried Barnacle bill ...etc.

You can sleep upon the mat (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
Oh bugger the mat you can't fuck that
Cried Barnacle Bill ......etc.

You can sleep upon the stairs (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
Oh bugger the stairs they havn't got hairs
Cried Barnacle Bill ......etc.

You can sleep between my tits (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
Oh bugger your tits they give me the shits
Cried Barnacle Bill ......etc.

You can sleep between my thighs (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
Oh bugger your thighs they're covered in flies
Cried Barnacle Bill ......etc.

What will we do when the baby's born (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
Oh We'll drown the bugger and fuck for another
Crie d Barnacle Bill ......etc.

THE CHINESE MAIDEN

In the street of a thousand arseholes,
By the sign of the swinging tit,
There lived a Chinese maiden
By the name of Oo-F. ng-Shit

Chorus
Her greasy twat
Was forever hot.

She sat beneath the joss sticks,
With a smile of celestial bliss.
Her breath like scented lotus
Her eyes like pools of piss.

Chorus

She thought of her lover a bastard,
She thought of her pox-ridden beaux,
She thought of the scores she'd had on the floors;
Then in walked Wun-Hung-Low.

Chorus

"Oh com... to .. you bag of shit!"
He cried with cock in hand.
"My love for you will last for hours
Like ice upon the desert sand."

Chorus

She raised herself on her starboard tit,
And idly scratched her crack.
With smiles in her eyes, she looked at him,
And ... said "Go fuck your hat!"

THE MONK OF PRIORY HALL

There was an old monk of Priory Hall,
There was an . .d monk of Priory Hall.
Who bashed his balls against a wall.
They were huge balls, large balls,
Balls ... y as lead,
Balls, Balls
With a dextrous flick of his muscular prick,
He could fling 'em right over his head,

Olé!

CAFOOZALEM
(virgin 2)

In days of old there lived a maid
Aprostitute, a renegade,
Who plied her roaring, whory trade
Close by Jerusalem.

CHORUS:
Hi Ho Cafoozalem, Cafoozalem, Cafoozalem
Hi Ho Cafoozalem, the harlot of Jreusalem.

There lived our hero by the wall,
Although he only had one ball,
He fucked the harlots one and all
All around Jerusalem.

One day this town was sorely blight
With a dirty shit of an Israelite
Who vowed he'd spend a pleasant night
In the cunt of Cafóozalem.
He took her to a shady nook
And from beneath his cloak he took
Apenis like a reaping hook
The scourge of all Jerusalem.

He laid her on the earthen floor
and ground and ground on that old whore
Until his penis grew quite sore
The same as all Jerusalem

Up came our hero full of light
And when he saw that Israelite
Heshoved him up with all his might
The cunt of old Cafoozalum.

Now Cafoozalem she knew her part
She squeezed her cunt and blew a fart
And out he shot just like a dart
Out of Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble bee
He left his knackers on a tree
And there they for all to see
Outside Jerusalem.

SHARES IN THE VERY BEST COMPANIES

I've shares in the very best companies,
In tramwaays, tobacco & tin,
In brothels in Rio De Janiero,
Oh how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in,
See how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.

With wealth in the big German steel works,
No wonder I helped Hitler win,
For when he suppressed the traid unions,
My God how the money rolled in.

My father sent field guns to France,
My brother raised loans for Berlin,
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,
To make sure the money rolled in.

My cousin's a starting price bookie,
My mother sells synthetic gin,
My sister sells gin to the sailors,
My God, how the money rolls in.

My brother's a curate in Sydney,
He's saving the girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,
My God how the money rolls in.

Weve started an old fashioned gin shop,
A regular palace of sin,
The principal girl is my grandma,
My God how the money rolls in.

My father manufactures french letters,
My mother pricks them with a pin,
My sister performs the abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.

BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some die of diabetes & some of diarrohea,
Some die of drinking whiskye & some of drinking beer,
But of all the worlds diseases
Theres none that can compare
With the drip, drip, drip,
From the end of your prick
Of the British Gonorrhea.

LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

Life presents a dismal picture
Full of sorrow and of gloom:
Father has an anal stricture,
Mother has a fallen womb.
Brother Percy's been deported
For a homosexual crime,
Sister Sue has been aborted
For the forty-second time.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre
Caught from uncle Henry's wife
May's in bed with menstruation,
Auntie's at the change of life.
Life presents a dismal picture:
No one hardly ever smiles;
Mine's a gloomy occupation
Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles.

Life presents a dismal picture-
Found a foetus in a case:
Dr. Bowden says it's murder-
Of sister Anne there   trace
Brother Bill's emasculated
For the safety of the,
Sister anne is now frustrated
No man's safe around our place.

As for me I had a discharge
With mercury I did annoint,
But it was not worth a cracker:
Now I've got a Charcot's joint.
Gonococcal Salpingitis
It has blocked my tubes for me;
So you see my dearest doctor,
It's no use to do a D. and C.

SEXIATUS MANIA

Sexiatus mania
Frustratatum randium
Sexiatus mania
Frustratatum randium
Prostitutum contraceptum
Hand et fingum masturbatum
Satisfactor relievium
Satisfactor relievium.

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT.

I was ridin' through Texas where the bullshit
lies thick,
When I suddenly saw her the girl I adore,
Twas Charlotte the harlot the cowpuncher's whore,
CHORUS:-

She's easy, she's greasy, she lives on the street,
And whenever you see her she's always on heat,
She'll do it for a dollar, come less or come
more,
She's Charlotte the Harlot the cowpuncher's whore.

She lay on the bed and was feeling quite fit,
When all of a sudden she felt like a shit,
So she up with the window and out with her arse,
Pity help the poor bastard who happened to pass.

CHORUS:- She's easy ___

The poor old night-watchman was pounding his beat,
Up and down, up and down, up in the street,
When he heard a great thunder, looked up in the sky
And a bloody great turd hit him fair in the eye.
CHORUS:- She's easy ___

The poor old night-watchman was blinded for life,
With seven screaming kids and a syphillitic wife,
You'll see him on the corner of Market and Pitt,
With a sign around his neck saying "Blinded by Shit.

CHORUS:- She's easy ___

different song

The first time I met her she was all dressed in
white,
All in white, all in white,
I had my finger in tight,
And she followed me down to the valley below.

The next time I met her she was all dressed in pink,
All in pink, all in pink,
Oh how my finger did stink,
She followed me down to the valley below.

The next time I met her she was all dressed in peuce,
All in peuce, all in peuce,
I sucked her menstrual juice,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I met her she was all dressed in red,
All in red, all in red,
Oh how her hymen bled,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I met her she was all dressed in mauve,
All in mauve, all in mauve,
Fucked by another cove,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I met her she was all dressed in black,
All in black, all in black,
I got my money back,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

TWO BOLD GENDARMES

From the brothels back in Sydney
To the cunt-struck Japanese
We have left a trail of bastards
And no finer men are these
But if we meet a dying harlot
Or a syphilitic twat...
We fuck 'em all... We fuck 'em all
We fuck 'em all... We fuck 'em all
We've got the harlots on the run
We fuck 'em all... We fuck 'em all
We fuck 'em all... We fuck 'em all
There's not one that cant be done.

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

Chinese couple going wild
Want to have a pure white child
Seek advice what can be done
But find no way of having one
They watch TV and while they sit
They find a way of having it
On the job without delay
Sideways is the Chinese way
Baby born with great delight
Little fellow pure and white
Father proud and full of glee
Tells what he learnt on TV
"Hooley Dooley, he no fooley
He put Persil on his tooley
Wifey, Wifey, very canny
Use Blue Omo on her fanny
Wonder where the yellow went
Brushed his balls with Pepsodent."

ESKIMO NELL

Gather round all you whorey

Gather round and hear this story.

When a man grows old, and his balls go cold,
And the tip of his prick turns blue;
And it bends in the middle like an old string fiddle
He can tell you athing or two.
So pull up a chair, and buy me a drink,
And a tale to you I'll tell
Of dead-eyed Dick, of Mexican Pete,
And a harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eyed Dick and Mexican Pete
Go forth in search of fun
Its Dead-eyed Dick that slings the prick
And Mexican Pete the gun.
When Dead-eyed Dick and Mexican Pete
Are sore, Depressed and sad,
It's always the c--- that bears the brunt
But the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eyed Dick and Mexican Pete
Lived down by Dead Mans Creek
And such was their luck, they hadn't a f---
For well nigh on a week.
'cept a moose or two
And a Cribou and a bison cow or so
And as Dead-eye Dick was a great king-prick
He found things f---ing slow.

So dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Set forth for the Rio Grand
Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick
And Pete with gun in hand.
As they blazed their noisy trail
No man in their path withstood
And many a bride, her husbands pride,
A pregnant widow stood.

They reached the banks of the Rio Grand
On top of a blazing noon
And to slake their thirst, and do thair worst,
They sought Red Mike's saloon
And as they pushed the great doors wide
Both prick and gun flashed free
Avoid the sex you bleeding wrecks
You'll drink or you'll Fu-- with me!

They knew this trick of Dead-eye dick
From the Main to Panama
And with scarcely worse than muttered curse
Those dagos sought the bar
The girls knew too his playful ways
Down at the Rio Grande
And forty whores pulled down their drawers
At Dead-eye Dick's command.
They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete
Itch on the trigger grip
And they didn't wait but at a fearful rate
Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick, with leche
-erous snorts and grunts
So forty arses were bared to view, and likewise
forty cunts
Now forty arses and forty cunts, if you can use
your wits
And if your slick at Arithmetic, makes exactly
eighty tits.

Now eighty tits is a gladsome sight, to a man
with a mighty strand
It might seem rare on Berkley square, but it's no
not on the Rio Grande
Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few on the last
preceding night
This he had done just to show his fun, and to
whet his apetite
His phallic limb was in fucking trim, as he
backed and took a run
He made a dash to the nearest tart, and scored a
hole in one.
He bore her to the sandy floor, and there he
fucked her fine
And though she grinned it put the wind up the
other thirty-nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick, he's
got no time yo spare
For speed and strength combine with length, he
fairly singes hair
He made a dart at the next spare tart, when into
that harlot's hell
There strode a maid who was ne'er afraid, Her
name? It was Eskimo Nell!

By this time Dick had got his prick, well into
number two
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell, she bawled to
him "Hey you!"
He gave a flick of his muscular prick, and the
girl flew over his head
And he wheel'd about with an angry shout, and
his face and his knob were red.

She glanced our hero up and down, his looks she
seemed to decrie
She looked with scorn at his mighty horn, which
rose from his hairy thighs
She blew the smoke from the cigarette, right over
that steaming knob
And so dead beat was Mexican Pete that he failed
to do his job.

'Twas Eskimo Nell who broke the spell, in
accents clear and cool
You cunt struck simp of a Yankee pimp, you call
that thing a tool?
If this here town cant rake this down, she
sneered to those cowering whores
Here's one little cunt that can do the stunt,
here's Eskimo Nell's for yours,

She stripped her garments one by one, with an air
of conscious pride
And as she stood in her womanhood, they saw the
great divide
She seated herself on a tabletop, where someone
had left his glass
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits
between the cheeks of her arse.

She flexed her knees with supple ease, and spresd
her legs apart
And with a friendly nod to the rangy sod, she
gave him the cue to start
But Dead-eye Dick knew a thing or two, he meant
to take his time
A girl like this was fucking bliss so he played
the pantomime.

RHODIANS SCHOOL

We are from Rhodians,Rhodians' girls are we,
We take no pride in our virginity,
We take no precautions,we like our abortions,
For we are from Rhodians school-up school-up school
Fuck the school!
La la-la la-la la-la-la-la. HOI !!

Our school mistress you cannot beat
She lets us go walking in the street,
We sell our titties for threepenny bitties
Right outside of Rhodians school-up etc.

Our school docter she is a beaut
She teaches us to swerve when our boyfriends shoott
It saves many marraiges and forced miscarraiges
For we are from Rhodians school-up etc.

Our sports mistress she is the best
She teaches us to develop our chest
So we wear tight sweaters and carry french letters
For we are from Rhodians school-up etc.

Our school porter he is a fool
He's only got a teeny-weeny tool
It's all right for keyholes and little girls' peeholes
But not much good for Rhodians school-up etc.

We have a new girl her name is Flo
Nobody thought that Flo would have a go
But she suprised the Vicar by rousing him quicker
Than any other girl at Rhodians school-up etc.

These girls from Cheltenham they are just sissies
They get worked up on one or two kisses
It takes wax candles and lang broom handles
To even exite the girls from Rhodians school-up etc.

He flexed his foreskin to and fro, and made his
balls inflate
Until they looked like a couple of granite globes
on top of a garden gate
He worked his anus in and out, his balls increase
in size
His mighty prick grew twice as thick, till it
nearly matched his thighs.

He polished it up with alcohol and made it steami
-ing hot
And to finish the job he sprinkled the knob with
a Cheyenne pot
Then he did not take a run, he did not take a leap
He did not stoop, but took a swoop, and a steady
forword creep

With piercing eye he took a sight along his
mighty tool
And the steady grin as he pushed it in was calc-
ulating cool
Have you ever seen the pistons work on a giant
CBR
With a driving force of a thousand horse, well
you know what pistons are

Or you think you do! But you've yet to learn the
ins and outs of the trick
Of the work that's done on a non stop run, by a
guy like Dead-eye Dick
But Eskimo Nell was no infidel, as good as a
whole harem
With the strength of ten in her abdomen, and the
rock of ages between

Amidships she could
take a stream, like the flush of a water closet
And she gripped his cock like a Chatswood lock,
on a National Safe Deposit
But dead-eye Dick could not come quick, he meant
to conserve his powers
If he'd a mind he'd grind and grind for a couple
of solid hours

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile, the grip
of her cunt grew keener
With a squeeze of her cunt she sucked him dry with
the ease of a vacuum cleaner
And so my friends we come to the end of copulation's
classic
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick like an
anaesthetic.

He fell to the floor and knew no more, his passions extinct and dead

And he did not shout as his prick came out, though it surely stripped its thread

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet to avenge his pals afront

With a jarring jolt of his blue nosed colt, he rammed it up her cunt.

He rammed it up to the trigger grip and fired it twice times three

But to his surprise she closed her eyes and squealed in ecstacy

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet "Bully" she said "for you"

"I might have known that that would be the best you two poor cunts could do"

"When next my friends that you intend to sally forth for fun

Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick and yourself an elephant gun

I'm going back to the frozen north, where the pricks are hard and strong

Back to the land of the frozen strand, where the nights are six months long.

Its as hard as tin when they put it in, in the land where spunk is spunk

Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream, but a frozen solid chunk

Back to the land where they understand what it means to fornicate

Where even the dead share a double bed and the babies masturbate

Back to the land where men are men, Terra Bellicum

And there I'll spend a worthy end, for the North is calling "Come."

So Dead -eye Dick and Mexican Pete, slunk out of the Rio Grande

Dead -eye Dick with a useless prick and Pete with no gun in his hand.

A VERSE OF APPRECIATION

When a man grows old, and his balls grow cold
And the tip of his prick turns blue
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle
I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?

ROTO MARIO

There once was a gay caballero
An exceedingly gay caballero
And of course he had a Roto Marie
Ro- Roto, Mario.

He went to a low down casino
An exceedingly low down casino
And of course he took his Roto Marie
Ro- Roto Mario

He met there a gay senorino
An exceedingly gay senorino
And of course he used his Roto Marie
Ro- Roto Mario

He caught there a nasty diseaso
An exceedingly nasty diseaso
Right on the tip of his Roto Marie
Ro- Roto Mario

So he went to a learned doctoro
An exceedingly learned doctoro
Who cut off the tip of his Roto Marie
Ro- Roto Mario

Now he sits on a bank of the Rio
The exceedingly fast flowing Rio
And nurses the tip of his Roto Marie
Ro- Roto Mario

So beware all you gay caballeros
You exceedingly gay caballeros
If you don't want the pox, then put sox
on your cocks,
Ro- Roto Mario.

THE BREEZES

Here's to the breezes
Wot lifts the girls tweezes,
Above their bare kneezes,
And lets us all seezes,
The things that us pleases,
And gives us diseases,
Be Jeezes.....

JUST A BOY.

I remember the first time I tried it
I was just a green kid of fifteen
And even though she was much younger
She was far more composed and serene.

I was eager, yet awkwardly backward
Uncertain of how to proceed
But she seemed not to pay much attention
As I prepared to do the deed.

It was out in the barn, I remember,
At the close of a fine summer day,
And the evening was scented with clover
And the fragrance of new mown hay.

I remember I spoke to her softly
And the touch of her body was warm,
As I moved up lovingly towards her,
While she nestled her head in my arm.

Looking back on it now, I remember
How I stood when my head seemed to spin,
With the thoughts of the thing I planned doing,
Yet somehow afraid to begin.

Then later I found myself standing
Uncertain to stay or to run
And a feeling of pride then possessed me
As I knew the job was well done.

Twenty years have gone by since that evening
But I've never forgotten, I vow,
The thrill and the joy that I felt as a boy
ON THAT DAY WHEN I FIRST MILKED A COW!

BUGGARED

Tune: "Botany Bay"

For forty years I've been buggared
With horrible aches and pains
I've had every ailment I reckon
From rupture to varicose veins.
Singing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-addity
Too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-aa
Singing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-addity
Too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-aa.

Neuritis with me is a hobby
I've bunions and corns on my feet
And I seem to breed stones in my bladder
Like fuckin great lumps of concrete.

I've spent a small fortune on chemists
I've lain months in hospital beds
And the stuff I've taken to shift me
Has torn my poor stomach to shreds.

And in spite of the cures I'm taking
There's hardly a day I feel fit
And it takes a full pound of gunpowder
Before I can bloody well shit.

I've a stricture in tje tube of my penis
And I don't mind telling you this
I've to whistle "The Last Rose of Summer"
To coax my poor doodle to piss.

And as for a first class erection
The idea is simply absurd
For my cock's like an undersized maggot
And as soft as a night commode turd.

So my time's all spent in the shithouse
Or moaning or groaning in bed
While my friends they all murmur when passing
It's time the poor bastard was dead.

PETE THE PIDDLING PUP.

A farmer's dog once came to town,
His christian name was Pete.
His pedigree was two miles long
A nd his looks were hard to beat;
And as he trotted down the road
'Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner,
His work on every tree.

He watered every gateway,
He never missed a post,
For piddling was his masterpiece
And piddling was his boast.
The city dogs looked longingly on
In deep and jealous rage,
To see the simple country dog the piddler of his age

Then all the dogs from far and wide
Were summoned with a yell,
To sniff this country stranger off,
And judge him by his smell.
They sniffed beneath his stumpy tail,
Their praise of him ran high,
And when one sniffed him underneath,
Pete piddled in his eye.

They smelled him over one by one,
They smelled him ywo by two,
And noble Pete in high disdain
Stood till they were through
Then Pete to show those city dogs
He didn't give a damn,
Walked right into a grocer's shop
And piddled on a ham.

He piddled on the onions,
He piddled on the floor,
And when the grocer kicked him out
He piddled on the door.
Behind him all the city dogs
Decided what they'd do;
They'd start a piddling carnival
To see the stranger through.

They'd show him all the piddling posts
They knew all round the town,
They started off with many winks
To wear the stranger down.
They called the champion piddlers,
Who were always on the go,
And sometimes held a piddling comp.,
Or had a piddling show.

They sprang this on him suddenly,
When halfway through the town,
But Pete just piddled on and on,
And wore the champions down.
For Pete was with them every trick,
With vigour and with vim,
A thousand piddles more or less,
Were all the same to him.

So he was kicking merrily,
With hind leg kicking high,
When most were lifting legs in bluff
And piddling mighty dry.
On and on Pete sought new grounds
On which to lay the dust,
Till every other dog went dry.
And gave up in disgust.

But on and on went noble Pete,
To water every sandhill,
Till all the city champions
Were piddled to a standstill.
Then Pete an exhibition gave
Of all the ways to piddle,
Like "double trip" and "family flip",
And now and then a "dribble".

And all the time the country dog
Did neither wink nor grin,
But piddled blithely out of town
A s he had piddled in.
The city dogs said"so long friend,
Your piddling defeats us".
But no-one ever put them wise
That Pete had diabetes.

YOUR SPOONING DAYS

Your spooning days are over,
Your pilot light is out;
What used to be your water sex-appeal
Is now your water spout.

You used to be embarrased
To make the thing behave
For every blooming morning
It would stand up and watch you shave.

But now you are growing old,
It sure gives you the blues,
To see the thing hang down your leg
Andwatch you shine your shoes.

LIQUOR AND LONGLEVITY

The horse and mule live thirty years,
And nothing knows of wines and beers.
The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never a taste of Scotch or rye.
The cow drinks water by the ton,
At eighteen years her life is done.
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the air of rum or gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in twelve short years it croaks.
The modest sober bone dry hen
Lays eggs (for nogs) and dies at ten.
A ll animals are strictly dry;
They sinless live,and quickly die.
But sinful,skinful,rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten,
And some of them though very few,
Stay pickled till they are ninety-two.

SAMARI SALL

When the evening sky over Samari is tinged a dusky red
And the sun a crimson globe of flame dips down past Kwato Head,
When the tall sea pines resounds to the whines of the nimble anophiles
Twas the time of day,old timers say, they burned old Dumfries.

Now those who have been to the tropics know what the sun can do,
When pricks hang limp like gutted shrimps,and testicles stick like glue;
When even a fart can't raise a start and you'll never notice the smell,
You can only clutch at the base of your crutch, and feel you've been through hell.

It was such a day at Lae, I could not just get up.
My arse was glued to the seat of the chair, like a rubber suction cap,
When a trader cove, picking his nose, and flicking the flies from his bum,
He told us the tale of Jock McPhail as he moodily sniffed at his rum.

'Now in days gone by in Samari, it was much the same now,
There was only one bar, the"Evening Star"run by a greasy chow.

This Saturday night the place was bright, for the boys were all in town.
A nd the local sluts picked scabs from their cunts as they slipped their knickers down.

With rise and fall of buttocks and thighs on a low slung wicker bench,
The ADOwas having a go at a dusky Kanaka wench,
A planter tall flicked the starboard of ball of laughing Pete McCrick,
W ho smiled and casually burned the hair from that gent's prick.

A pink cheeked cadet in a lather sweat was pulling himself in a glass,
W hile his mate gave a tug at a two pint jug that was jammed into his arse.
But they stopped their fun at the roar of a gun and a voice like a North SEA gale
"Gangway,by God,you turd born sod,make way for Jock McPail!"

Now Jock was a man of the Campbell clan,though his breed exists no more
Though he roamed the seas,he hailed from Dumfries---was Scot pure Scot to the core.
T he long low line of the schooner fine was known in every port,
When he took his ease,like a North Sea breeze,in inter-sexual sport.

From Baring Strait to the Golden Gate it had blazed a lusty trail,
Where countless whores had ample cause to recall the name McPhail;
Paid him well in trochous shell,had a wad of cash in bank,
Had a heart of gold and a cock,I'm told,as big as an oxygen tank.

A whore in Singapore once made the boastful cry,
That dead or alive,no man in bed her lust could satisfy.
In the chilly dawn when the Sot had gone by the light of the early dawnsun,
With palsied hands and ruptured glands,she repaired the damage he had done.

Some Dago scum with the courage of rum,once made an illtimed jest
Of slipping an old brass cannon down the back of the Scotsman's vest.
With a wriggle and slip and a python grip,Jock clenched the cheeks of his arse,
Andthe watchers saw,with awe,just a mass of twisted brass.

So he scudded east with his heart at ease, and his stern sails set,
Though he'd been in strife with the cops at Fife, shagging a goat for a bet
He shouted all that long hard day at his sweating Kanaka crew,
"Tonight we get to Samari or I have your balls for stew."

So set up in the bar of the Evening Star, he strode with measured tread,
And the local belles who knew him well, cringed back in silent dread,
But he only smiled at a wayward child, and waved his mighty cock.
"Why damn your eyes do you think it wise to trifle with Dumfries Jock?"

With legs astride and with concious pride he addressed the company.
"I dinna fear there's a bastard here who willna drink wi'me"
With a gusty cheer they surged near, that wild and lawless crew.
But they stopped their noise at a sound of a voice they all knew.

Framed in the door was a painted whore, her vulva curled in a sneer,
"So there's the Jock with the outsize cock." She said in a knowing leer,
"That sort of prick would'nt take a trick," and her arse was spread in a grin.
"It must have been seized with some filthy disease for it looks like a rolling pin."

Jock's blue eyes held a mild surprise as he turned to gaze at the whore,
Those who knew what the prick could do timidly edged to the door.
A t the sight of his face, they gave him space, but he merely gazed at the tart,
And said never a word though the closest heard the sibilent hissof his fart.

Though you must admit she had plenty of guts, this well built

But th e b urly Scot never cared a jot, so slipped of his
pants and vest,
And twice his cock, like an earthquake shock, pounded his
hairy chest,
And thrice it rose and fell to his toes, the foreskin
flickered back,
And he pushed his ham like a battering ram through the
mouth of that quivering crack.

With hardly a pause at the gaping jaws of that fur-trimmed
hole,
(Though no watchers saw, in that cavernous maw, the bot-flies
playing bowls)
The mouth of that womb soon closed like a tomb on the
confident smiling Jock,
And then with a snap she closed her trap, on his
unsuspecting cock.

For a Japanese tart had showed her the artin a spirit of
innocent fun
Though twas ancient lore to the Nipponese whore, Sal had
never seen it done.
By twisting about the falopian tubes, and contracting the
walls of her twot,
She showed with pride how a prick could be tied in a
quite inextricible knot.

So the Scot was bound; he never had found a dilema quite
like this,
And the watchers guessed by the sweat on his chest that
something had gone amiss.
With a pig-like grunt he tugged at her cunt, gave a
groan y ou could almost feel,
But with never a squirm her twat held firm, with a grip
like tempered steel.

He vainly thought as a last resort of a .45 calibre colt
So the muzzle he passed up that red-rimmed arse,
jamming it home with a jolt;
As the gun gave a roar, the unruffled whore caught the
slug in her teeth

And twisting about she spat it out on the hardwood floor
beneath.

Then Jock fell back from that deadly crack, the painted
whore had won
But Sal I was told relaxed her hold when she saw what she
had done.
She massaged his bum with boiling rum, but the time for
that had passed,
"Take care of your twot!" cried the gallent Scot, and then
he breathed his last.

Now you know where the giant mangrove stands at the foot
of Sabari Reach,
Where the old deserted shit-house stands on the sandy beach
At the close of the day a Scottish clay was burried beaneath
the dunes,
And th e trun k of a treeas you still can see was carried
in classic runes.

And still they say at the close of day, when the sky is
dusky red,
And the sun , a crimson ball of flame, dips down past
Kwato Head,
Where the tall sea-pines are loud with the whine of
the nimble anophiles,
An d th e wh ite hawk's cry is a lullaby and the roar
of the surf is ceased,
Then th e air is rent by the Cambell's lament to the
lilt of Pibroch's wail,
As cock in hand on the coral strand, strides the ghost
of Jock McPhail.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM OF AN AWAS

A little maiden passing by
A little twinkling of the eye
A little smile a little date
To meet when th e hour is late
A little promise not to tell
Alittle room in some hotel
A little fussing in some chair
A little messing ofthe hair.

A little drink a fond caress
A little question, th e answer yes
A little shirt waist shed aside
A little breast that tried to hide
A little hand that went stealing inside
A little pleased with funny feeling
A little coaxing, a little teasing
A form revealed that is most pleasing.

Cont on p

A pair of panties mostly lace
A little blush upon the face
A little shading of the light
A little bed with sheets so white
A little lovin g in the gloom
A little sigh, a quiet room
A pair of lips so warm and wet
A little whisper, "Please, not yet."

A little pillow from the head
Slipped beneath the hips instead
A little effort to begin
A little help to get it in
Two little arms that grip me tight
And then I ask "Does it feel alright?"
She smiles and says, "Oh, it feels good,"
And I reply, "I thought it would."

Two legs about my body twine
Two happy eyes look into mine
A little movement to and fro
A little "Ah", a little "Oh".
A bigger surge of something hot
A little whisper, "Please, all you've got"
Two little hearts that beat as one
Two little lovers having fun
A little effort to repeat
A little spot upon the sheet

A little shower when we're through
A little drink or maybe two
A little sleep and finally then
Breakfast in bed - at half past ten
A little bill, a little tip
A porter whistling, a pleasant trip
Like little children after play
A little weariness next day
A little wish that you and I
May have some more another day.

RING THE BEL' VERGER

CHORUS
Ring the bell verger, ring the bell, ring
Perhaps the congregation will condecend to sing
Perhaps the bloody organist sitting on his stool
Will start playing organ and stop playing tool.

Ocean liner seven days late
'Cause th e stoker's up the mate,
Captain 's voice comes down the wire
Stop stoking mate and start stoking fire.

BBC announcer sits
Twiddling with the typists tits
Boss walks in and says with smiles
Stop twiddling tits and start twiddling dials

Down in the basement cook she lies
With the butler twixt her thighs
Mistress voice in angry mood
Stop fucking cook and start fucking food.

In the garage mistress sits
She has chauffer play with tits
Master's voice comes from afar
Stop fucking mistress and start fucking car.

Up in the belfry the bell man sits
Playing with his monster bit
Verger's voice comes up from hell
Stop pulling pud and start pulling bell.

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER

Standing down in O'Reilly's bar
Drinking O'Reilly's rum and water
Suddenly a thought came to my head
What say I up O'Reilly's daughter.

Chorus
  Idi-iyay, idi-iyo, idi-iya for the one eyed Reilly
Rub it up, stuff it up, balls and all
Zing-a-zing-a-zing tres bon.

So I up the stairs and into bed
Into bed with O'Reilly's daughter
Not a word the maiden said
But she laughed like shit when the deed was over.

I fucked her till her tits were sore
Filled her up with soapy water
She won't get away with that
If she does'nt have twins then she bloody well orta.

I heard a footstep on the stairs
Who should it be but one eyed Reilly
Two horse pistols in his hand
Looking for the bugger who upped his daughter.

I grabbed O'Reilly by the balls
Shoved his head in a bucket of water
Rammed those pistols up his arse
Abloody sight harder than I'd upped his daughter.

As I go walking down the street
People flock from every quarter
Just to catch a glimpse of me
The man who'd upped O'Reilly's daughter.

WAY DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Way down in the valley
Where nobody goes
There lives a young maiden
Without any clothes
Along came a swaggie,all tattered and torn
Down went his britches and up went his horn
Three months later all was well
Six months she began to swell
Nine months later she gave a grunt
And six little swaggies lept out of her cunt.

ABDUL

The harems of Egypt are fair to behold
The harlets the fairest of fair
The best of all was ownded by a Sheik
Named Abdul A-Bulbul Emir

A travelling brothel came down from the north
T'was run privately for the Tsar
Who wagered a hundred no-one could outroot
Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

Abdul came in with a snatch by his side
His eye bore a look of desire
and he did brag how he would outshag
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

A date was arranged for the spectacle great
A holiday proclaimed by the Tsar
And the streets were all lined with the harlets assigned
To Ivan Skavinsky Scavar

They met on the track with tools hanging slack
The starter's gun shattered the air
They were both quick to rise the crowd gasped at the size
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir

The harlets were shorn, no frenchies were worn
And that suited Abdul by far
And the caliph who knew had a quick bet or two
On

They fucked all that night neath the pale yellow light
Old Abdul he re ed like a car
But he could not compete with the slow steady beat
Of Ivan Skavinsky Scavar

Now Ivan had won and had sheldered hi gun
He bent down to polish his pair
When something red hot up his great passage shot
Twas Abdul A-Bulbul Emir

The harlets turned green, the crowd shouted "Queen"
They were ordered apart by the Tsar
It was bloody bad luck because Abdul was stuck
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar

The cream of this joke came when they broke
'Twas laughed at for years by the Tsar
For Abdul the fool had left half his tool
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scaver

THE WILD WEST SHOW

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the hippopotamus,
The hippopotamus?
Yes the hippopotamus is an amazing aninal
When its eyes are open its arsehole is closed
And when its eyes are closed its arsehole is open
Someone threw pepper in its eyes,
And Christ he's got diarrhoea!

CHORUS

Oh we're off to see the wild west show,
The elephant and the kangaroo-oo -oo
Never mind the weather,we're all in this together
We're off to see the wild west show.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the Ooligooli bird
The ooligooli bird?
Yes the ooligooli bird is an amazing bird
It flies but it has no legs
And when it lands,oooolі - goooooli!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the giraffe
The giraffe?
Yes the giraffe is an amazing animal
It is the only animal in the jungle that can go into
a bar and say"The high balls are on me!"

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the sphinx
The sphinx?
Yes the sphinx is an amazing animal
It i s the only animal with a triangular arsehole
It shits bricks, hence piramids!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the tight skinned
lizard
The tight skinned lizard?
Yes the tight skinned lizard is an amazing animal
Whenever it blinks it flips itself
Someone threw pepper in its eyes,
And it flogged itself to death!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the rhinoceros
The rhinoceros?
Yes the rhinosorarse is an amazing animal,
Its name comes from the ancient greek
Rhino meaning money,sorarse meaning piles
It is the richest animal in the jungle
It has piles and piles of money!

Here ladies and gentlomen we have the Oohah bird
The oohah bird?
Yes the oohah bird is an amazing bird
The male species lives in the north pole
The female species lives in the south pole
In spring they migrate
And when they meet, ooooooohh -aahhhhh !

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the elephant
The elephant?
Yes the elephant is an amazing animal
It eats twelve hours a day, but only shits once a week
And when it shits it.......
    Move away there please sonny
As I was saying it eats all the week and only shits...
    Please move away sonny
And when it shits it shits...
    Has anyone got a shovel?

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the orangatang
The orangatang?
Yes the orangatang is an amazing animal
It has balls of steel, and as it swings from vine
    to vine through the jungle,
Its balls go orang - a - tang, orang - a - tang!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the mountain goat
The mountain goat?
The mountain goat is an amazing animal,
It farts and jumps from crag to crag
It has science baffled,
As to whether the farts make it jump, or the jumps
    make it fart!

FOGGY FOGGY DEW

Once I was a bachelor, I lived all alone
I worked at the weavers' trade;
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid
I woodd her in the winter time and in the summer too,
And the only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew

One night she came to my bedside
When I lay fast asleep,
She laid her head upon my by and she began to weep,
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died
Ah, me! What could I do?
So I pulled her into bed and covered up her head,
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weavers' trade;
And every, every time that I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time and of the summer too,
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

THE ENGINEERS' SONG

An Engineer told me before he died
I don't know whether the bastard lied,
He said no matter how he tried,
His wife was never satisfied.

So he made him a tool of tempered steel,
Powered by apulley and a bloody great wheel,
With two brass balls he filled with cream,
And the whole bloody issue was powered by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the tool of steel,
'Til at last his poor wife cried,
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied

Now this is the place of the bitter bit:
There was no way of stopping it,
From cunt to arse-hole she was split,
And the whole bloody issue was covered in shit.

[illegible]

An interesting match took place here today, when the Hon. John Everhard brought over a team of Old Bastardians to meet a team of society ladies captained by Mrs. Wearwell.

The proceedings were to be augmented by various lotteries, but the Chief Umpire ordered drawers off.

After tossing was done with it was seen that the men were going in first so the ladies assumed their positions on the ground. The ladies captain , however, was in slips and this made it difficult to force matters. Mr. Harden, succeded at last, cutting and pulling steadily. He and Mr. Cox put up a fine stand. Unfortunately when trying to pull to square leg Mr. Cox missed his stroke completely and out came his middle stump.

Mr. Woodcock followed and was at the crease twenty minutes displaying great patience. Then there was a sharp appeal from Miss Conduct and the umpire's finger went up. Some slackness was apparent in the field when Miss Carriage dropped a sitter in front of the pavillion and Miss Wantacock got her hand on a hard one but failed to hold it.

Mrs. R. Savatit drew frequent applause by showing her ability behind the sticks but in trying to take a short one she turned a complete somersault.

The men were all out by lunch and on resuming it was noticed that A. Testicle had been dropped and not suspended as was rumoured. Lord Foughskin was in his usual place at coverpoint, and the first two ladies, Phyl Chambers and Poppet Tupper opened with great vigour. Cox was tried (and he kept a beautiful length), but his balls were inclined to bump too much to the disconfort of the ladies.

Little Miss Virgo Intacta was cheered loudly when she faced John Everhard, but the wily John put up a long one that appeared to break in her crease and there was an ominous click and a groan was heard as she walked back to the pavillion.

Although he was keeping his balls low, Miss Ophelia Twott Felt for one and hooked it to the delight of the crowd.

Therewas some faulty judgement when Miss Philpott shouted "I'm coming, " and there were cries of "No" and "Wait", but in her excitment she started to run, and was run out. "Mike Hunt was to quick for me", she addmitted later. Miss Hyamready faced the onslaught, but was over anxious and got her leg in front of a straight one and had no time to open out, as she said afterwards.

The match was a draw and the President, Lady Cumwell, says she would like a return match with the ladies on top next time.

oOo

ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Well [illegible] is number one and the fun has just begun.
Roll [illegible] in the clover, lay me down and do it again.

CHO[illegible]
Ro[illegible] over in the clover,
Ro[illegible], lay me down and do it again.

Well [illegible] is number two and his hand is on my shoe,

Well [illegible] number three and his hand is on my knee

Well [illegible] is number four and he's got me on thefloor

Well [illegible] is number five and his hand is on my thigh

Well [illegible] is number six and his meat'sbetween myhips

Well [illegible] is number seven and now it feels like heaven

Well [illegible] is number eight and the doctor's at the gate

Well [illegible] is number nineand the twins are doin' fine

Well [illegible] is number ten and here we go again,

MUNICIPAL DUNNY CART

The municipal dunny cart was loaded to the brim
The municipal dunny man fell in and could not swim
And as he was a-sinking,a-sinking like a stone
He heard the maggots crying out"There's no place
like home".

Urrr-iiine,Yippeē-i-ooo,nightmen in the sky.
They fished him out,it was too late,the maggots did
their work,
They left him by the roadside for the passersby to jerk.
The moral of this story then,if you should shovel shit,
Don't throw yourself into your work or you may drown in it.

ARMY LATRINES

My job is to clean the army latrines,
I'm the man with the plan for the pan that everyone uses.
The paper's O.K.on both sides the news is,
So you can read while in my latrine.

We scrub it all night, we scrub it all day,
I keep it the way the way you'd expect it;
And when it gets high I just disinfect it,
And everything's clean in my latrine.

I scrub it again at four in the morning,
My cobbers join in,we polish the chain;
And then we are scrubbing away forever,
And wondering if ever we'll get out that stain.

What motions divine - what raptures I've seen
But along comes a crowd to destroy the work I've created
They just let it fly,don't care where they place it;
You see what I mean in my latrine.

If a man is a freak and must leak like a creak, let him pay
I've placed pots for the clots who take shots in every
direction
I've sandpapered each face so each base can establish
connection
But it all goes unseen in my latrine.

No they won't keep it clean,that bloody latrine,
Though the seats are all neat and complete underneath
woodenledges
But they still get it wet like an artist's pallette
round the edges.
But I stand aloof - they cant hit the roof,
That's the one place that's clean,in my latrine.

GOOD SHIP VENUS

'Twas on the good ship Venus
My God you should have seen us
The figure-head was a nud in bed
Sucking ared-hot penis.

The captain's name was slugger
He was a dirty bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit on any
On any bugger's lugger

The first mate's name was Paul
He only had one ball
But with that knacker he rolled tobacco
Round the cabin wall.

The second mate's name was Andy
His balls were big and bandy
They filled his arse with molten brass
For pissing in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Morgan
He was a silly gorgon
Three times a day he strummed away
Upon his sexual organ.

The captain's wife was Mabel
And whenever she was able
She gave the crew their daily screw
Upon the messroom table.

The captain's beautiful daughter
Was swimming in the water
And delighted squeals came from the eels
As they found her sexual quarter

A cook whose name was Freeman
He was a dirty demon
He fed the crew on menstrualstew
And hymens fried in semen

Another cook was O'Malley
He didn't dilly dally
He shot his bolt with such a jolt
He white-washed half the galley

The boson's name was Lester
He was a hymen tester
Through hymens thick he shoved his prick
And left it there to fester

Show Me the Way to go Home

Show me the way to go home,
Said the girl on the Bondi beach,
I had a little swimsuit 'bout an hour ago,
But it's floated out of my reach,
And all that I have now
Is seaweed, sand, and foam,
So give me a page of the Sunday Sun,
And show me the way to go home.

Grogging On

No cares have we to grieve us
No pretty little girls to deceive us
All we need is a piss to releive us
As we go grogging on
Grogging on, grogging on (repeat)
As we go grogging on

And we'll be full before long
As we go grogging on.

Drunk Last Night

Drunk last night, drunk the night before,
Going to get drunk tonight like we never got
drunk before,
Here we are as happy as can be,
'Cause we are the boys of the varsity.

Glorious, victorious,
One jug of beer between the four of us,
Thank God there are no more of us,
'Cause one of us could drink the bloody lot.
(Without his pants on)
'Cause one of us could drink the bloody lot.
(Roll over Mable,
Your navel's on the other side.)

Violate Me

Violate me in the violet time
In the violent way that you know,
Ravage me, savage me, bruise me and damage me,
On me no mercy bestow.....
The best things in life are free and oblivious,
Give me a girl who is lewd and lascivious,
Violate me, in the violet time,
In the vilest way that you know.

Caviar
(The Virgin Sturgeom)

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish,
The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin,
Thats why cavier is my dish.
My ruddy it is.

I gave caviar to my girlfriend,
She was a virgin tried and true,
Ever since she had that caviar
There ain't nothing she won't do,
My ruddy oath there ain't.

I gave cavier to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age is ninetythree,
And next time I saw grandpa
He had grandma on his knee,
My ruddy oath he did.

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone
lighthouse,
Slept with mermaids every night,
He had offspring, one, two, three,
Two were fishes and the other was me,
My ruddy oath he had.

Case of the Ill-Starred Lovers

They were married but not to each other;
(Now I might as well make this explicit)
They could never cut loose from their marital
noose,
And were they forced to a passion ellicit.

With no hope for a happy finale,
With a future that led to a bleak end,
They agreed to enact a sad suicide pact
In a riotous fling on the weekend.

In a riotous fling on the weekend,
In a tourist motel by a rocks side,
Without any regrets they turned on the jets,
And awaited the carbon monoxide.
They awaited the carbon monoxide,
(they preferred it to shootin' or stabbin',
And they were going, but quick, but were
saved in time's nick
By the spouses who shared the next cabin.

The Engineer was M^c^Tavish
And young girls he did ravish
His missing tool's at Istanbul
He was a trifle lavish

A homo was the purser
He couldn't have been worser
With all the crew he had a screw
Until they yelled "Oh no Sir"

Another one was Cropper
Oh Christ he had a whopper
Twice 'round the deck and 'round his neck
And up his bum for a stopper.

The cabin-boy was Kipper
A dirty little nipper
They stuffed his arse with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper

The ship's dog's name was Rover
The whole crew did him over
They ground and ground that faithful hound
From Singapore to Dover

The end of this narration
Came in jubilation
For the ship was sunk in a sea of spunk
Caused by masturbation.

THE MONKEY AND THE ALLIGATOR

The monkey and the alligator sat on the grass
The monkey shoved a finger up the alligator's arse
Singing Abadabadoo, Abadabadoo,
Don't let my baby know.

"Monkey", said the alligator, "Be a kind soul,
Kindly take your finger out of my arse-hole"
Mama is in bed, Papa on the top,
The child is in the cradle crying
"Put it in Pop".

She married an Italian
With balls like a fucken' stalliam..

She lived on a mountain
And she pissed like a bloody fountaim....

She lived on acattle-ranch
And shat like a bloody avalanche...

She married a demon
Who washed her with semen....

She bangs like ashithouse door
Swings back for more and more...

She sat on the window-sill
And sucked until she'd had her fill...

She married a sctsman
Who tickled the twots-im-em'...

She could take any prick
But the butchers dog's was to thick...

If she were my daughter
I'd make her cut 'em shorter....

She lived on malted milkshakes
And rooted likea bloody rattlesnake......

OLD KING COLE

Old king cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his fiddlers three
Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he
Oh fiddle like fuck, like fuck, ~~like fuck~~ said the fiddler
What merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare with the boys
of the varsity.

Balls in the air, in the air said the jugglers
Throw your balls in the air said the jugglers
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out said the barmaids
Round and round and round said the cyclists
Root-diddly-oot-diddly-oot said theflutists
TThread it in and out,in and out said the tailors
Wop it up and down,up and down said the painters
Ride it up and down,up and down said the horsemen
Bang away,bang away,bang away said the carpenters
Do you want it in the front or the back said the coalmen
Cut it round the knob,make it throb said the surgeons
Cut it in half,in half said the butchers
"Goodness gracious me!"said the parsons
Mine is six foot long said the fishermen
Up with the horn in the morn said the huntsmen.

MOLL HOUSE 101

He wore red rubber frenchies - a new type of skin
From a black leather packet with a poofter on the back
He had a five foot cock that shot off like a gun
That fool was the terror of moll house 101.

He never washedhis face - he never washed his prick
The cum was caked around his balls at least three inches
thick
And on the head of his tool was a green tatoo
And a picture of a ponce saying "Penis I love you."

He had a pretty girl by the name of Mary Lou
He surely gave her half of it - she could'nt take the rest
But everybody pitied her,'cause everybody knew
That the part of it he gave her reached right up to her
chest.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS

A trace of lipstick on that old french letter
A dose of syphilis that wont get better
And when Ipiss it stings
These foolish things remind me of you.

A book on birth control with well thumbed pages
That contraceptive that we've used for ages
A bed with creaky springs
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pair of underpants with semen stains on
Those dreadful evenings when you had the rags on
And when my wet dream clings
These foolish things remind me of you.

A night of passion in an old tin lizzie
That half smoked reefer that still still sends me dizzy
My pubic hair in strings
These foolish things remind me of you.

That whiskye bottle that I used to piss in
That pair of stockings with the 'lastic missing
Oh how the slit clings
These foolish things remind me of you.

That ripe banana that you used when alone
Those open legs that welcomed me home
Oh hear those nuts ring
These foolish things remind me of you.

That worn out frenchie that I used to come in
That broken shithouse that you lost your bum in
Oh how my prick stinks
Those foolish things remind me of you.

That red hot poker that you used before
That ten bob price of the local whore
So what nine months will bring
These foolish things remind me of you.

A brothel ticket in my left hand pocket
The controids in a heart shaped locket
Those little songs you sing
Those foolish things remind me of you.

That leather sofa that we had those shags on
The night I slugged you had the rags on
Oh how the blood stain clings
Those foolish things remind me of you.

Our parents forget to get married,

Our parents forgot to get
For each flamin' time the wedding bells rang
Our parents were somewhere in bed.

So its thanks to our kind-hearted parents,
Were jacks in the land of the free,
A banker, a broker and a Washington joker,
Three prominant bastards are we.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

On the ---th day of christmas my true love said to me..

Twelve t witching twots
Eleven lecherous lesbians
Ten tired trollops
Nine naughty nuns
Eight useless eunuchs
Six sexy sisters
Five Choir Boys
Four boy scouts
Three windmill girls
Two Virgin maids
And a French postcard very filthy.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD AND GREY - TOM LEHRER.

An awful liability
lessened utility
loss of mobility
. s a strong possibility
In all probability
I' ll lose my virility
And you your fertility
And desirability
And this liability of total sterility
Will lead to hostilaty
An d sense of futility
So lets act with agility
W ile we still have the ability
For we'll soon reach senility
And lose the ability.

The Ground He Would Go Wooing — Old English Drinking Song

Anthony Roly

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THE ALPHABET SONG

A is for arseholes all covered in hair
Heigh Ho said Rolly
B is the bugger that wished he were there
With a rolly polly up 'em and stuff 'em gammon and spinach, Heigh Ho said Anthony Roly
Heigh

C is for cunt all dripping with piss
D is the drunkard that gave it akiss

Eis for eunichs with only one ball
F is for fucker with no balls at all

G is for gonorrhoea, goitre and gout
H is the harlot that spread it about

I is injection for clap, pox and itch
J is the jerk of adog on a bitch

K is the king who thought fucking a bore
L is the lesbian who came back for more

M is for maidenhood all tattered and torn
N is for noble who died whith a horn

O is for oriface gently revealed
P is for penis all pranged up and peeled

Q is the quaker who shot in his hat
R is the roger who rogered the cat

S is the shit pot all full to the brim
T is the turds that are floating withan

U is the usher who taught us at school
V is the virgan who played with his tool

W the whore who thought fucking a
X,Y and Z you can stuff up your arse.

GRANDFATHERS COCK

My grandfathers cock was to large for his jock
So it dragged ninety yards on the floor
It was bigger by far than the old man himself
And it weighed not a pennyweight more
With ahorn on the morn of the day he was born
And ahorn on the day that he died
But his cock flopped never to rise again
When grandma died.

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
Take it out,take it out,Reee-move it!

I [illegible] my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
Put it back,put it back,Reee-place it!

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
Turn it round,turn it round,Reee-volve it!

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
Turn it back, turn it back,Reee-verse it!

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
In and out,in and out,Reee-ciprocate it!

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
Slow it down,slow it down,Reee-tard it!

I retarded my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
Pull it out,pull it out,Reee-tract it!

I re tracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
Take a whiff,take a whiff,Reee-volting!

RAMONA

Ramona,I'm just returning from the hunt
Ramona,I'M longing for your greasy cunt
I'll press it,caress it and make a mess all over the floor
I'll always remember how I slipped my arse through the door
Ramona,if you should hear a baby call
Ramona,we'll drown it in the waterfall
I dread the morn when I awake and find no horn
Ramona,you dirty old whore.

COLONEL BOGY

Hitler has only one brass ball,
Goering has two but very small,
Himler has something similar,
But poor old Goebals has no balls at all.

TINKER'S SONG

Oh there was a fair young maiden riding
homeward from a ball,
Perchance to meet a tinker pissing up against
a wall,

Chorus:
With his great big kidney swiper and his balls
as big as three;
And a yard and a half of foreskin hanging
down below his knee.
Hanging down, swinging free
Inches thick, what a prick,
With a good yard and a half of foreskin
hanging down below his knee.

So she wrote to him a letter and in it
she did say
I'd rather be fucked by tinkers than my
husband any day.
Chorus:

So he mounted on his charger and to the
castle he did ride,
With his tool wrapped round the saddle
and a ball on either side.
Chorus:
He rode up to.the castle and knocked upon
the door,
"God save us", criedthe butler,"he's come to
fuck us all."
Chorus:

Oh he fucked the fair young maiden then he
fucked the servants all.
But the way he bummed the butler was the
bottler of them all.